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THE FIRST COMERS.

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HE TOOK FORMAL POSSESSION.

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THE DISCOVERY.

THE fascinating book which led to the discovery of America was the "Travels of Marco Polo," describing Asia about the year 1300. This deeply impressed the imaginative and religious mind of Columbus, and furnished him with an irresistible argument when he asked the assistance of Queen Isabella of Spain.

When he spoke to King Ferdinand on the subject, no doubt he dwelt upon the spices, the rubies and the gold, and of the king, whose palaco roof was made of the precious metal; but when he spoke to the queen, a devoted and enthusiastic Catholic, we may be sure that he laid the greatest stress upon the story in Marco Polo, of the great emperor who had asked the Pope to send him a hundred Christian priests. We may be quite certain that this was the argument which induced the queen to favor the expedition and offer her jewels to promote it.

I do not doubt that Columbus himself fully appreciated the rubies and the gold described by Marco Polo. At the same time, the avowed object of the expedition was to convey a knowledge of the Christian religion to the "Prince

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who is called the Grand Khan, who sent to Rome to entreat for doctors of our Holy Faith."

This was the object stated by Columbus himself in the first pages of his diary, which began thus: "In nomine D. N. Jesu Christi!" (In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.)

THE "SANTA MARIA."

The expedition, therefore, had a religious character, and Columbus regarded himself in the light, not of a missionary indeed, but as the forerunner of missionaries, and the preparer of the way for them. I wonder he did not have a priest with him. He did not, however, although he carried a notary to take possession of any lands he might discover, in the name of the King and Queen of Spain.

The admiral offered a reward to whosoever should discover land. On the nineteenth day of the voyage a voice from one of the vessels, the *Pinta*, was heard crying, "Land, land, señor! I claim my reward!"

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It was Martin Alonzo Pinzon who uttered the joyful cry, pointing at the same time toward the southwest at a low-lying bank of mist which had deceived him.

Columbus, too, was deceived, and threw himself upon his knees to offer thanks. All the crews of the two vessels in advance knelt also, while Pinzon, the sailors and the admiral united in chanting, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

The anxious voyagers soon discovered their mistake, and their spirits sank within them. A second time they were cheered by signs of land. Besides a quantity of fresh weeds, they saw fish which they recognized to be of a kind that live near rocky ledges. They saw also a branch of thorn with berries on it, and picked up a reed, a board, and, most thrilling of all, a carved staff.

Again the crew broke into joyous thanksgiving, and when the evening came the crews of all the ships sang with peculiar fervor the vesper hymn to the Virgin, an act which they never omitted during the whole voyage.

When this hymn had been sung with feelings which we can but faintly imagine, the admiral stood forth and preached a brief but impressive thanksgiving sermon. The official history of the expedition mentions that he dwelt particularly

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upon the circumstances that they had been continually cheered with fresh signs of land, which had increased in frequency and significance the farther they had gone, and the more they needed solace and encouragement.

He thought it probable that they would reach land that very night, and promised whosoever should see it first a velvet doublet in addition to the pension promised by their king and queen.

THE "PINTA."

That very evening, soon after twilight had darkened into the tropical night, Columbus himself saw a light glimmering afar off, and at two o'clock the next morning a gun from the *Pinta* announced that land had been descried.

On Friday morning, October 12, 1492, Columbus saw before him, at a distance of a mile, a beautiful level island, covered with trees like an orchard and full of people, who were seen running out of the woods down to the shore, gazing at the ships in wonder.

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Soon the boats were manned, armed and made ready. The admiral, clad in scarlet and holding the royal standard of Spain, stepped into his own boat and led the way to the shore, followed by a boat from each of the other vessels, all showing a special banner emblazoned with a green cross and the initials of the Spanish sovereigns.

The chronicle of the discovery informs us that as the voyagers approached the shores of the New World they were all charmed with the purity of the air and the beauty of the scene. As soon as Columbus landed he sank upon his knees and kissed the soil, shedding tears of joy.

As the crews of the other boats came on shore, they all knelt beside and behind the admiral and joined him in a Latin prayer, which had been previously composed for the occasion, and which, by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, was adopted as the form of thanksgiving for all future discoverers. It was used by Pizarro, Cortez and Balboa.

"Lord God eternal and omnipotent! By thy sacred word thou didst create heaven, earth and sea. Blessed and glorified be thy name; thy majesty be praised! Grant aid to thine humble servant, that thy sacred name may be known and lauded in this other part of the world."

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Having recited this prayer, Columbus rose to his feet, and all the company gathered round him. He drew his sword, and unfolded the royal standard to the breeze. Then, in the immediate presence of the captains of the vessels and the notary of the expedition, the sailors who had landed standing near, he took formal possession of the new found land and gave it the name of San Salvador. When this had been done, he required all present to take the oath of obedience to him as representing the sovereigns and wielding their power.

During these ceremonies the great crowd of dusky natives stood transfixed with wonder. They were amazed at the whiteness of the Spaniards, at their shining armor, their gorgeous banner, their splendid garments, and particularly the scarlet dress of their chief and his majestic demeanor. They little thought that the coming of these strange men meant misery, bondage, and swift extinction to their race.

Columbus, on his part, never knew that the land he had found was no part of the regions described by Marco Polo. He had discovered a continent, and died without suspecting it.

JAMES PARTON.

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THE HUGUENOTS IN FLORIDA.

THE efforts of the three great powers, Spain, France and England, to hold possession of the flowery peninsula mark very interesting events in the history of Florida. It must be admitted that Spain had the right of discovery, and proved her claim by actual though not continuous possession for a longer time than both the other nations.

It was on Palm Sunday, March 27, 1512, that three small vessels under the command of the tough old Spanish explorer, Juan Ponce de Leon, arrived off the coast of the then unknown land. They had sailed three weeks before from Porto Rico, making a pleasant voyage with favorable winds, but no sooner had they come in sight of the strange coast than a storm arose, which kept them for several days beating up and down, unable to cast anchor.

It was not till April 8th that Ponce de Leon went ashore and took possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. He found a beautiful country filled with flowers and blossoming vines, but he did not find the hoped-for rocks and streams abounding in gold.

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He searched for the fabled Fountain of Youth, but of all the springs in the new land, which the grizzled old Ponce de Leon went about anxiously tasting, none made him younger by a single year.

He learned from the Indians that the country was called Cautio. He renamed it Florida because he had first seen it on Pascua Florida, the Flowery Passover. In June he sailed away, a sadly disappointed man.

Nine years later, in 1521, he sailed once more for Florida, with the intention of exploring and subjugating it. Soon after landing he was attacked by a large number of Indians; many of his men were killed, and he was wounded by an arrow. He was carried back to his ship, and gave orders to make for Cuba, where he died a few days after his arrival.

Florida was again invaded in 1528 by Narvaez, who expected to conquer another Mexico or Peru, but met disappointment and failure. With the same high hopes of finding gold, De Soto in 1539 began his explorations which ended with the discovery of the Mississippi and the burial of the ambitious commander of the romantic expedition in its waters.

The explorations in 1523 from the Carolinas to Florida by Verrazano in the interest of the French

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government gave France a claim to this region, which they named New France, but in which no attempt at colonization was made for forty years.

The French Huguenots, under their leader, Gaspard de Coligni, Admiral of France, fitted out the first expedition to found an empire in this so-called New France.

On February 18, 1562, two ships, commanded by Capt. Jean Ribaut and René Laudonnière, distinguished French officers of marine, set sail from Dieppe. After a tempestuous voyage, they reached the coast of Florida and entered the St. John, which they called the River of May, from having discovered it on the first day of that month.

As usual with the explorers of that day, they set up a column at the mouth of the river, engraved with the arms of France, in token that they took formal possession of the country in the name of the French sovereign. They built Fort Charles at Port Royal, and then returned to France.

On April 22, 1564, Laudonnière returned to Florida, with three vessels containing emigrants, provisions and arms for the little colony, and built Fort Caroline, near the mouth of the St. John. The following year Ribaut also returned

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to Florida, with a large fleet, to relieve Laudonnière of his command.

On August 14, 1565, the vessels arrived off the coast of Florida, and meeting some Indians there, he asked them where the new colony, Fort Caroline, was situated. They told him they had heard there were white men fifty miles toward the north. The vessels sailed until they reached the St. John, and taking two of the smallest ships, Captain Ribaut followed the stream until they reached Fort Caroline.

MEETING SOME INDIANS THERE.

Laudonnière met them at the bank. "At last, God be praised!" he cried. "We thought you had abandoned us, and we are starving. Yes, actually starving. The Indians will not bring us food, and we were too few to venture in those hostile woods to seek it. I will return to France immediately. I can bear a great deal, but the limit has been reached."

"But," asked Captain Ribaut, "we found the Indians friendly and obliging when we first came. Why will they not now bring provisions?"

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Laudonnière shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, well, you see, our men have made enemies; they were hard to control. They made forays, brought prisoners to the fort, and, to speak frankly, they have acted like fools, and worse. If you had not come when you did, you would not have found us here, and our scalps would have decorated the wigwams."

Captain Ribaut shook his head. He knew well the danger of awakening the hostility of the savages. "It is bad," he said, "for we shall have two enemies. Philip of Spain is sending out a fleet under Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles, to drive us from Florida if he can. We are ordered to resist him to the death."

Menendez reached the coast of Florida, his fleet badly storm-beaten. Ribaut demanded his business. He was told that war was declared between Spain and France, and that they were there as enemies.

The French considered it more prudent to retreat a short distance, until their preparations could be made, and the Spaniards pursued them only to the mouth of the river they called Dauphin. Jean Ribaut, returning to Fort Caroline, took on board nearly all the able-bodied men, much against the will of Laudonnière,

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who was left with invalids, women, and a small number of troops. Ribaut intended to attack the Spaniards, and in one decisive engagement drive them from Florida.

But Menendez, who had gained a foothold, and commenced building Fort Marion, had his spies among the Indians, and knew that Captain Ribaut had taken all the available forces from Fort Caroline. Taking Indian guides, with a strong force he made his way through marsh and morass, and in the midst of a terrible storm swooped down on the fort, and took it after a short resistance.

A survivor wrote, "I escaped, God knows how, and ran to the thick woods. I stopped at some little distance, and hiding behind the trees, looked down at the inner court of the fort where the massacre was going on. It was so horrible that I covered my eyes with my hands, and ran on headlong, knowing not and caring not where I was going, if I could only get away from that spot. Suddenly in front of me I heard groans and cries, and came upon some of our men who had also escaped. We knelt down and prayed God to help us.

"We made for the seacoast, as well as we could shape our course. We came to rivers,

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which we crossed, sometimes by swimming, sometimes by the aid of fallen trees. At last, when exhausted, and ready to lie down and die, we came to a vast sea-marsh, and one of our men, climbing a high tree, saw not only the sea, but the vessel of Captain Maillard, which he signaled, and they sent boats after us.

DRIVEN ASHORE.

"More dead than alive, we were taken on board, and there we found the Sieur Laudonnière, who had also escaped. Soon the *Pearl* sailed up to us, and Capt. Jean Ribaut told how his vessels had been dispersed and wrecked by the hurricane, during which the fort had been taken. But he said he would never leave the coast while there was a chance of any of our men escaping; that it was his duty to stay and give them aid. But Captain Maillard sailed for France, taking us with him."

Captain Ribaut, who would not desert his post of duty, was again tempest-tossed, and his remaining vessels were driven ashore. The French wandered about, half-starving, and

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knowing well that the Indians, whom the soldiers at the fort had angered, would take the first chance to revenge themselves.

A body of Spaniards came upon them. They were too weak to resist, and gave up their arms upon a solemn promise from Vallemande, the commanding officer, that they should be treated as prisoners of war.

Ribaut, honorable and truthful himself, believed the Spaniard. They were marched on, and as he was in front, he did not see that his thirty men had their hands tied behind their backs.

As they entered the fort, the massacre began. Captain Ribaut himself was first to fall; then the others were stricken down, one by one. In all, nine hundred Huguenots were murdered on the banks of the St. John.

There have been few such scenes in American history, and the tragedy has been but little noted. The lovely Floridian river retains no token of this massacre. While we remember the bloodshed of that fatal day, we do not forget the heroic self-sacrifice of brave Jean Ribaut, who gave up his life upon the bare chance of saving some fugitive from a cruel death.

MAX OWEN.

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RATCLIFFE'S CONSPIRACY.

ON a blustering winter morning in 1608 Edmund Culpepper paced to and fro before the gateway of the stockade surrounding a huddle of cabins which called itself "The Virginia Company's Colony of Jamestown."

With his musket under his arm he awaited the relief, who would send him to a breakfast for which he was none the less hungry because he feared this morning's rations would be scantier than his scanty supper of corn-meal porridge.

He did not worry about warlike intruders, for only last week Powhatan, who ruled all the Virginia Indians, had smoked a "peace-pipe" with John Smith, who, by energy and prudence, had become the admitted leader of the colony.

In that winter of 1608 the story was not two months old of how Powhatan's dearest child had risked her own life to save Smith, then a prisoner in her father's tent, and how Smith's wisdom and courage had so won upon the Indian king that he was permitted to return to the colony with gifts of food and tobacco, and promises of friendship.

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All winter this friendship had proved the single hopeful element in the condition of the despondent, half-starved English, among whom hardly forty survived from three times that number of "gentlemen adventurers."

Discontent was held in check only by the new governor's energy and his dauntless assurances that Newport, their first leader, would presently return from England with reënforcements and provisions for beginning an era of prosperity.

Culpepper believed in Smith's assurances as heartily as the captain himself. "No sluggard he!" the lad thought, admiringly, as Smith appeared on the rampart. "'Tis a marvel he keeps his temper with those drones who would rather idle in their chimney-corners, groaning that Newport hath forsaken us, than work upon the quarters we promised to have ready before the *Constant* brings us a crowd of newcomers!"

Then the thrill of hero-worship vanished before a thrill of hunger quite as keen! "Pettiplace, at last!" he exclaimed aloud, as the relief approached. "Are the bacon and eggs yet more excellent than their wont, Master Pettiplace, that you have lingered with them?"

"Thou wilt need to draw thy belt a hole closer, for the porridge is scantier than ever!

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But worse than short rations, there's like to be trouble with Ratcliffe and his faction."

"Has anything happened?"

"This! When Captain Smith bade Ratcliffe take the working shift at once to the quarters building for Newport's arrival, Ratcliffe answered sullenly that there need be no haste to prepare for a most doubtful event. To which Smith exclaimed that Ratcliffe's duty was not to question, but to obey the orders of his superiors; and Ratcliffe muttered that a superior whom his own vote had helped to make could be easily unmade. Whereupon Smith, with his hand on his sword, demanded him to repeat that muttering aloud, which Ratcliffe shirked, smiling falsely.

"'Empty stomachs and short tempers go ever together,' he declared. 'Get your Indian friends to fill the one, and I promise to sweeten the other.' Then Smith cried out that the English were wont to earn their meat, not beg it, and that he feared Master Ratcliffe must be sickening of the fever thus to fail in spirit. So he left us, some ashamed of their discontent, but many gathering about Ratcliffe before I finished scraping my porringer."

Edmund looked wistfully toward the forest as Pettiplace paused. Then he shouted a

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"view-halloo" which brought the homesick adventurers rushing from the common-house, while Smith himself ran down from the rampart.

CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

"Hast gone mad?" Smith began.

But Edmund confronted him unabashed. "Doth not a view-halloo announce the sight of the game?" he asked, triumphantly. "And can your excellency deny that a deer cometh this way as fast as four legs not its own can bring it?"

A laugh, ending in a shout of welcome, broke from every throat in the hungry crowd, while Smith stepped forward briskly. An Indian girl about thirteen years old emerged from the forest, followed by two tall Indian youths, carrying a huge buck, slung between them.

"Uncover, gentlemen!" Smith commanded. Then he bent to kiss the brown hand Pocahontas held out to him. "My princess hath ever a

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new gift for her slave!" he exclaimed, in fashionable court language, which for motives both chivalrous and politic, he adopted toward this child of the Indian king.

"Nay, not my slave, but my friend," Pocahontas answered, in the careful English she was learning. "You have told me that in England a princess maketh friends of the great warriors, and I love the English ways."

"For which love of yours we English are devoutly thankful," Smith replied, gravely, and standing aside, permitted the greetings, half-ceremonious, half-joking, with which the others gathered about this little Indian maid.

Not until Edmund returned did Smith interrupt Pocahontas's pleasure in the gay flattery. "The princess bids you dine with her at noon in the common-house!" Smith exclaimed, at last. "Until then, Master Ratcliffe will take his party to work on the new quarters, and Master Porter will lead his company to repair the break in the fort rampart."

"What will Captain Smith do?"

The taunting voice was clearly audible, though nobody seemed to have spoken.

"Captain Smith will oversee both works, as suits the duty of the governor of this colony

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in the absence of Captain Newport," Smith answered, with a flashing glance which vainly sought the owner of the voice.

Everybody dispersed without further question, and Smith was presently alone with Edmund and Pocahontas. "Ned, thou shalt lead our princess to the sunny path between the river and the willows, where the wind bloweth not!" he exclaimed, gaily. "And there, young coxcomb, thou shalt amuse her with stories of court pageants and Queen Anne's finery."

"Will you not tell me stories, too?" she begged, with her hand still lingering in his clasp.

"I am a rough soldier, with no such pretty tales for the telling, and with much pressing business," he said, gently. "Yet will I follow later, for that reading lesson we have missed these eight days."

"My Uncle Opecanchanough persuaded my father that you taught me magic from the book about your God. They forbade me to come here; but to-day they sent me freely."

Smith, who carried his Bible wherever he carried his sword, had begun the instruction of Pocahontas in Christianity, afterward completed by her English husband. But her words brought more immediate anxiety than her conversion.

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"Thy Uncle Opecanchanough is sure to mean unfriendliness to us English, whether he urgeth thy father to let thee come hither or to restrain thee," he said, thoughtfully; and waving his hand in farewell, he turned through the gateway.

The two scrambled down the steep bank to a narrow, sandy path beside the river.

"It is not of thy king's court I would hear," Pocahontas smiled. "Last week thou didst tell me thy sisters were little maids like me."

"Nan is of thine age, and a pretty little minx, who can dance a minuet —"

"I can dance, too," Pocahontas broke in. "And I also am beautiful."

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TOWER OF THE JAMESTOWN CHURCH.

Edmund laughed yet more heartily. "Nan calls herself fair, I doubt not, but she would never say so, even to her dearest friend."

"Why should she not say so if it be the truth?"

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"My lady mother hath taught her that a maid must leave to others the praise of her beauty."

"Then I will never call myself beautiful again. Tell me something more wherein I am unlike thy sisters, for I desire to be as English as they are."

"That thou couldst not be, nor must thou desire it," he protested. "Nan turns faint for a cut finger, and though Bess helps my mother visit the sick, she would never dare risk her life to save a stranger, as thou didst, or to walk through miles of snow-drift to feed starving men, as thou hast done many times this winter."

"Hush!" whispered Pocahontas. The softness his praise had brought to her eyes vanished as she grasped his arm. "One of my people cometh; I hear a moccasin tread."

Screened by the drooping branches of huge willows, they recognized the stern features of Opecanchanough, Powhatan's brother, who had opposed the sparing of Smith's life, and was ever, as Smith had just declared, the persistent enemy of the English settlers.

The next moment the boy's heart sank. For, creeping as if he feared a spying gaze at each step, Ratcliffe drew near, and Opecanchanough received him in a manner which showed the meeting to be prearranged.

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The Indian spoke first in his own language, loudly enough to reach the listeners; but Edmund, who understood only a few words, waited impatiently to gather his meaning from Ratcliffe's reply, as that worthy had publicly scorned Smith's advice that the colonists should learn the speech of their neighbors.

The reply, however, was uttered in fairly fluent Indian, and the two or three English phrases used sent the color from the boy's cheeks. With clenched fists he listened motionless. Only his troubled eyes left Ratcliffe's cringing smiles and Opecanchanough's stolid calm for the dark face of Pocahontas.

"What evil do they mean us?" Edmund murmured, as, each in his own direction, Indian and Englishman passed out of sight.

"Quiet!" she whispered. "My uncle hath the ears of a squirrel." Nor would she heed his mute impatience for several minutes.

"They spoke often the name of the *Good Speed*, your single ship at anchor yonder," she said, at last. "Did not that tell —"

"Doth Ratcliffe mean to barter our only ship to your people?"

"Nay, that would harm himself as much as it would harm his countrymen," she answered.

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"Come! We must run. We must find Captain Smith. This east wind may change at any moment; and my uncle told Ratcliffe that stores of corn-meal and tobacco await the *Good Speed* at the point where the river reacheth the sea —"

"But Ratcliffe?" Edmund interrupted, as they ran toward the settlement.

"Ratcliffe promised that himself, Wingfield, and twenty more would board the *Good Speed* the next night the west wind bloweth, overpower the few sailors who guard it, and after taking up the stores my uncle hath provided, sail forth for England, leaving Captain Smith and a dozen loyal to him in Jamestown."

"To be butchered whenever Opecanchanough and his tribe pleaseth!" Edmund broke out, furiously, wrenching his hand from her hold.

"You have enough English traitors to make an end of the honest men among you!" she cried. Then her eyes softened. "Poor Ned! It is bitter to be betrayed. I, too, dread my uncle's schemes. For in the women's lodge they whisper that he meaneth to be king when Powhatan dieth, instead of my little brother Nantauquas, and that he will destroy all whom Powhatan loved."

Hastening forward, they saw John Smith striding toward them. Quickly, in her own

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language, Pocahontas told him the plot. He kissed her hand gravely when she paused.

"Without thee, princess, not an Englishman would be left alive in Virginia to meet Newport! But thou shalt see John Smith outwit the enemies of this colony. They cannot sail until this east wind changes, but we can balk them at once; only my princess must help me again."

An hour later the colonists were summoned by a merry blowing of horns to the common-house, whence came an odor of roast venison.

Except the sentries on the fort whom Smith chose from his devoted friends, all were promptly seated before the rough tables, where they were bountifully served with meat and corn bread.

At the upper end of one table Smith placed Pocahontas on his right; and hungry as Edmund was, he looked at them oftener than at his plate. But neither man nor maid showed interest in anything beyond their dinner.

When the meal ended, Captain Smith arose.

"This is the banquet of the Princess Pocahontas, who desireth to bestow yet another pleasure upon us in proof of her friendship and the king her father's good-will," he said, smiling. "She hath comforted our bodies. She will now delight our spirits. She will dance for us."

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"MASTER RATCLIFFE, I DEMAND YOUR SWORD."

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Pocahontas smiled gravely, and began to dance, while the two Indian serving lads who had come with her began a harsh chant, which quickened gradually, and to which her steps kept pace. It was then that Edmund's heart fluttered as one and another of Smith's trustiest friends noiselessly left the room without disturbing the lazy enjoyment of their companions, except Ratcliffe, who once half-rose, but meeting Smith's questioning gaze, sat down again.

With a wild grace learned of deer or panther, or other forest creatures, Pocahontas whirled and bounded, swiftly, smoothly, vehemently, until the musicians' chant grew breathless, and her delicate face was pinched with exhaustion. Yet she did not falter until the report of a distant musket rang sharply. Then she dropped upon a bench, and every man sprang to his feet.

"Newport!" was the general cry, although Ratcliffe and Wingfield made for the door. Smith stood smiling triumphantly. "Culpepper and Pettiplace, allow none of these gentlemen to leave this house!" he commanded. "That musket was not fired by Newport's orders, but by mine. It means not that the ship *Constant* hath arrived, but that the ship *Good Speed* will not sail by the next west wind. It means that

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however John Smith and those who trust him may die, it will not be like starved rats in a trap set by an Indian villain and an English traitor! Master Ratcliffe, I demand your sword, in the name of King James and the Virginia Company."

Instantly the room was in tumult. Some rallied with bared weapons about Ratcliffe, but most shouted self-exculpation or clamored for further explanation. Smith, sturdy and erect, dominated the tumult.

"That is more seemly, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, when other voices quieted so that his could be heard. "A plot hath been discovered whereby a portion of this company, led by Master Ratcliffe, agreed to seize the colony's remaining ship, and with the next west wind sail for England, leaving the few of us who should keep our vow of abiding Newport's return to be massacred by our Indian enemies. Thanks be to God and the Princess Pocahontas, word came to me of this plot in season to baffle it. The *Good Speed* is now garrisoned by ten men, who have directed its two culverins upon this town, and who will assuredly destroy any rowboat approaching the ship without my signal. You will do well, gentlemen, to be ruled peacefully in this matter by me."

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The Jamestown colonists had faced alternatives of life and death so often that they came promptly to a decision. Swords were sheathed, hats were doffed, and not a voice was lifted in protest, while Ratcliffe sullenly surrendered his weapon to Pettiplace, hating his own party just then more even than he hated Smith, who was leading Pocahontas in stately fashion through the dividing crowd, out upon the empty street.

There they halted, and Smith glanced up at the fast-scudding clouds. "See, child! Thou wast barely in time, for the wind hath left the east. It will blow from the west to-night."

"Think you, captain, those turncoats will stay quiet?" asked Edmund, who had followed anxiously from the common-house.

Smith smiled exultantly. "The *Good Speed's* culverins, pointed this way by my command, will control some. The shame honest men feel when found in the society of rogues will control others. And we may safely await Newport, whom may God send us soon!"

He turned to Pocahontas. "Meanwhile our princess must hasten homeward, or she will not be permitted to come to us again."

"I shall come no more, whether I haste or tarry," she answered. "My father bade me be

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in the woman's lodge by noon, and he forgives not disobedience."

"If you fear his wrath, stay with us!" Smith exclaimed. "There are enough loyal Englishmen in Jamestown to protect their benefactress."

"Nay, my father will not hurt me, not even though Opecanchanough persuade him that I love the strangers better than mine own people."

She paused abruptly, waving her hand toward the river. "What is that — like a white cloud above the seaward point?" she cried.

Smith's glance and Edmund's followed hers — and a great shout broke from them.

"A ship! Newport's ship! God be thanked, those sails are English cut!"

For an instant every sense of man and boy was absorbed in watching the fuller appearing of the sails, which brought safety to the colony.

When they remembered Pocahontas, her slight figure was swiftly vanishing into the forest.

Nor did she return to Jamestown until two years later, when she was brought there a prisoner, but tenderly welcomed, to find, as she deserved, the love and happiness of her life.

ELLEN MACKUBIN.

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HUDSON'S DISCOVERIES.

THE name of Hudson is connected with the largest river in New York; it belongs also to the bay and strait of the British possessions. The river and the bay are far apart, and yet the extent of the coast between them gives us a limited idea of how much of the globe Hudson explored. The country along the Hudson River belonged to the Dutch; that about Hudson Bay was, from the first, English.

Hudson's first voyage, of which he left a journal, was undertaken, he tells us, at the charge of "certain worshipfull Merchants of London," in 1607. Its purpose was to discover a passage by the north pole to Japan and China.

The second expedition was made from London, in 1608, but this time Hudson gave his attention particularly to the passage by the northeast, advancing as far as Nova Zembla.

Early in January, 1609, Hudson entered into an agreement with the Dutch East India Company, by which he agreed to search for a passage to the north of Nova Zembla.

On April 4, 1609, he set sail from Amsterdam.

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His vessel was the *Half Moon*, a yacht of about eighty tons' burden, and manned by a motley crew of Dutch and English. He passed the North Cape on May 5th, and in the course of a few days came to the edge of the ice which encompassed Nova Zembla.

Although the orders given to Hudson required that he should search for a passage only by way of the northeast, yet on May 14th, with the consent of his officers and men, he shaped his course toward the coast of America. On July 12th he first saw the American shores, and on the 18th he anchored in a safe harbor, probably Penobscot Bay, on the coast of Maine.

From this point he sailed southward until he was opposite the entrance to James River, where the English had settled two years before. Satisfied that there was no passage through the continent south of that point, he turned toward the north, and examined the coast with care.

On August 28th he discovered Delaware Bay, and a few days later, September 3d, he anchored inside of Sandy Hook. The discovery of the North River followed, and Hudson sailed up this river, between the Palisades and the beautiful banks of forest-clad hills, seeing occasional fields of corn and Indian wigwams.

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At first the Indians looked on the *Half Moon* with terror, but seeing human beings on board, they approached in their canoes, and soon were engaged in a friendly barter of food and furs for knives, axes, cloth and shoes. It was not long before a quarrel arose between the natives and the sailors in which one of Hudson's men was killed.

THE "HALF-MOON."

Hudson continued his exploration, sailing up the river as far as the place where Albany now stands. There he found the channel contracting, instead of widening out into the great western ocean, as he had hoped.

His small boats returned from further search, and reported that it was only an inland river. So back went Hudson, past the Palisades and the narrow island that is now covered by the great city, back to Holland, and gave to the Dutch a claim to all the region about the newly

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discovered river. They named the country New Netherlands, and engaged in profitable trade for furs with the Indians. They located the headquarters of their trading company on Manhattan Island, which they later bought for twenty-four dollars, and on which there grew up an enterprising colony which they called New Amsterdam.

In April, 1610, Hudson sailed under English auspices in search of a northeast passage. On this voyage he discovered the strait and the bay which have since borne his name. The following winter he spent on the shores of Hudson Bay. The suffering from the want of food was great, and his crew in the spring showed a natural impatience of longer delay. In a mutinous outbreak they put their commander, with his son and several sick sailors, into a frail boat; and on Midsummer day, 1611, they cut him adrift in the midst of the arctic waters. No further trace of the great navigator was ever found.

MAX OWEN.

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THE FIRST YANKEES.

ON a morning in April, 1621, all the Yankees in the world were gathered upon a hill, watching a small vessel as she stood out to sea, and slowly faded into the eastern horizon.

The little ship was the *Mayflower*, going home without a cargo, to the sore disappointment of the merchants who had sent her across the sea. The company watching her was the Plymouth Colony, left by her on a desolate shore to live, if they could; to die, if they must.

It seems absurd to call these people Pilgrim Fathers, this wan and sickly band of twenty men, eight women, and twenty-three children, including two babies still in their mothers' arms.

I call them Yankees, because, in getting out of their difficulties, they showed all the characteristic Yankee traits.

Their ship was gone. The nearest white settlement was on the James River in Virginia. They owed a great deal of money to merchants in England. They did not own the barren land on which their cabins were built. They did not possess a horse, an ox, a cow, or a pig, and what provisions they had left were bad or stale.

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During the winter nearly half their number had died from exposure and bad food, and on this April day of the *Mayflower's* sailing there was scarcely one among them who had recovered the full measure of his strength. Their capital consisted of a supply of farming tools, a quantity of English seeds, and ten bushels of Indian corn which they had found hidden in the earth.

In all probability not a man among them had ever before seen an ear of Indian corn, and had not the least idea of the mode of cultivating it. If they had put it into the ground as they did their peas and other English seeds, they would have had no harvest, as the soil there is not much better than the sand of Cape Cod.

It was an Indian who gave them the information, without which they must have perished. There were no Indians in their immediate neighborhood; but owing to their skilful management and dignified urbanity, they had completely won the affections of their Indian visitors, one of whom, named Squanto, a knowing, handy fellow, had been born and reared on that very spot.

He knew all the ledges along the coast where codfish and haddock congregate, the places where lobsters abound, and where clams could be abundantly dug. He knew the value of

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beaver skins and otter skins. Above all, he knew the art and mystery of raising Indian corn in that sandy soil. He told them how to plant the corn in hills and rows, and showed them the Indian way of fertilizing the sand.

There is a rapid stream of fresh water emptying into Plymouth harbor, into which every

WATCHING A SMALL VESSEL.

spring prodigious numbers of small, fat fish enter from the ocean to deposit their eggs. Two or three of these fish, which are called alewives, put into each hill of corn, gave a luxuriant crop.

Squanto showed them the Indian mode of catching these fish, and assisted them to plant twenty acres with their precious store of seed.

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By the end of the planting season they had a little farm of twenty-six acres all nicely planted —six acres of English barley and peas, and twenty acres of maize.

In catching these precious fish the Pilgrims very soon showed that they were genuine Yankees. They converted that little river into a Yankee fish-trap, which would have been worthy of a patent if the patent-office had then been ready for business.

They observed that the fish come in with the tide, deposit their spawn, and go out with the tide. By constructing two small dams and some simple trap-doors, they fixed their river in such a way that ten or fifteen thousand fish could get in very easily; but, on the turn of the tide, the trap-doors shut, the water escaped without difficulty, but the poor fish were left high and dry, to be raked and heaped upon the bank all ready for use. Every man was permitted to carry off a quantity proportioned to the land he cultivated.

The first harvest came round. The peas were a perfect failure, probably because they were planted too late. The sun parched and killed the blossoms, and the crop was not worth gathering. The barley was pretty good, or, as they said, "indifferent good." But the Indian corn

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yielded such a bountiful increase that each person could be allowed about a peck of meal a week. Seven good houses had been built for dwellings, and four more for storage.

During that autumn food was superabundant, and they had a truly glorious Thanksgiving feast, which lasted three days, and entertained the chief Massasoit and ninety of his people.

SHELLING INDIAN CORN.

Wild fowl were so abundant at that season that four men in one day killed nearly enough to supply the colony for a week. Excellent health prevailed. They were well sheltered from the inclemency of the weather; bright fires were burning; and they wrote home such cheering accounts that newcomers arrived faster than food could be grown for them.

During the two summers following they had long periods of partial famine. The second summer they planted nearly sixty acres with corn, but the crop was scanty, partly through the weakness of the men from scarcity of food.

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The third summer the crop of corn was so abundant that they had some to sell, and from that time to the present all good Yankees have had enough to eat. In 1624, when they imported cattle, the colony consisted of one hundred and eighty people, who lived in thirty-two cabins.

They now began to sell corn to the fishermen along the coast; they let the Indians know that they had a good bushel of corn ready for every beaver-skin that might be brought in. Every vessel that went home to England carried beaver-skins packed in hogsheads, which yielded a surprising profit.

In twenty-one years after their first arrival, the Plymouth Yankees had paid all their English debt, acquired a right to their lands, and were in all respects an independent, prosperous community.

The original Yankees were successful in business, because they were brave, just, intelligent and humane. Every step of their genuine progress can be traced to their superior qualities as human beings. They had the courage to try hard things; they used their minds in doing them, and they took just care of the rights and feelings of those who helped them.

JAMES PARTON.

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THE FIRST HOME IN BOSTON.

THERE is a certain atmosphere of mystery about the first homemaker of Boston. He was a pale, rather tall, spare young man, of English birth, always dressed in a suit of worn black, and his name was William Blackstone, or Blaxton. He had been a student at Cambridge University, and had intended to become an Episcopal clergyman. He was a naturalist by instinct, addicted to experiments in mechanics, and withal a remarkably fearless soul. But we do not certainly know for what reason he came to America to live alone here, nor what resources he brought with him. Some have conjectured that his was a case of unrequited affection, while we have his own statement that disagreements with the bishops of the Church of England were at least partly the cause of his seclusion in New England.

It has been supposed that he came in the ship with Robert Gorges. It is known that he arrived in America as early as 1623, and that by 1626, perhaps a year earlier, he was established in Shawmut with his books and his goods;

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and that he cleared land for a garden and orchard just below the present Louisburg Square.

There was then a fine, copious spring of water hereabouts. Blackstone's little farm is believed to have been a little below it, nearer the Charles River, and possibly extending round to the present Common.

William Blackstone had been living there alone at his little place on the side of the hill for at least four years when Winthrop and his company of Puritans came, long enough to have a garden in a good state of cultivation and fruit-trees near to bearing.

It would seem that he must have had assistance from the Indians to uproot the large stumps from his clearing. These he placed upright, joined closely together, for a fence round his garden and house, to keep out bears, deer and wolves, the first stump fence in New England.

It was a wild, lonely little home, but quiet and peaceful, and far remote from that busy world which had somehow so deeply wounded the heart of William Blackstone. He prized its quiet; he loved its solitude; he designed to live and die here alone, cultivating his little plantation in the wilderness.

Then one day in July, 1630, the young recluse,

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I WILL POINT OUT A BETTER LOCATION.

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wandering about over his hill, heard the sounds of shouting and the crash of falling trees. On ascending to the top of the hill, he saw a ship at anchor off what is now Charlestown. Boat-loads of people were disembarking, axmen were at work on shore, fires were kindled, and temporary sheds, too, were in process of erection.

It was John Winthrop and his colony of Puritans, landing at Charlestown, which they had chosen as the site of their future city.

Very often throughout that summer of 1630 Blackstone, from his hilltop, marked the labors of the new settlers. With his longer experience of the locality he saw that they had made a mistake. There was no good water over there; the situation was low and unhealthy.

His elevated, healthier Shawmut, with its fine springs of water, was by far the better site for a settlement. Yet why should he give up his now productive farm and garden to the newcomers? His quiet life would be at an end; they would throng the place and overrun it.

This lonely young reader of books was not lacking in hospitality nor deficient in humane instincts; and day by day, as he ascended the hill to watch the progress of the settlers, his heart went out to them, all the more when he

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understood that numbers of them were dying and that there was much lamentation and mourning.

Hence it came about that one morning in August, as Governor Winthrop was walking in anxious converse with Mr. Isaac Johnson, the pair took heed of an Indian canoe coming down the Charles River toward their landing-place.

It was not an Indian, however, who stepped ashore, but a tall, spare young white man in a worn suit of black, who addressed them most courteously, gave them the name of William Blackstone, and informed them that he lived at Trimountain, on the other side of the bay.

"I have seen, good sirs," quoth he, "that you have much sickness in your company. The site which you have chosen is unhealthy and the waters foul. If you may desire to go with me across the bay yonder, I will point out to you a better location, one which you are welcome to share with me."

Governor Winthrop invited the young stranger to accompany him to his house, and there questioned him at great length.

The next day the governor, with Sir Richard Saltonstall and four other of the settlers, crossed over to Shawmut, to return Blackstone's visit and inspect the locality. The removal of the

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colony from Charlestown followed in due course a few days later.

Our young hermit settler may therefore be said to have done the first honors of future Boston; for it is to this hospitable invitation to share his home and lands with him that Boston owes its settlement by the Puritans.

Four years after Winthrop and his company of Puritans had come to Shawmut by Blackstone's invitation, and settled there, the first settler sold them his land, except a garden-plot of six acres, for the sum of thirty pounds, or about a hundred and fifty dollars.

This tract of real estate is now worth at least fifty millions of dollars—a striking commentary on the change in values which has taken place since 1634.

CHARLES ADAMS.

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STEVENSEN AND VAN HORNE.

THE canoe trip which Diedrich Stevensen and Jan Van Horne took in May of 1653 was always regarded by them as the first voyage of the great fleet which in later years was known in all the important ports of the world.

It was only Jan's foolhardy desire to run Hell Gate in a canoe, Jan's desire and Diedrich's assent against the dictates of his sounder judgment, that led to the unexpected adventure.

As they rounded the point which makes the westerly end of Flushing Bay, there, lying at anchor, was a Dutch bark, its ornamented bow and stern towering high above the waist.

They both saw that the Indians in canoes about the ship and the bustle on board meant but one thing — smuggling. The boys wished to slip away, but they were so close now that even as they turned their canoe, a boat came from under the stern and pulled toward them. They drove their canoe toward the bank, straining every muscle to escape.

But there were four men in the boat, so that

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paddle as best they could, the race was quickly over, and the two boys were dragged roughly into the big boat.

A sailor smashed their frail canoe with an oar, and their hearts sank. What would they do now? Captain Nielsen would surely go east; for he had announced that he would put in at New Haven for further cargo.

When they had clambered through one of the big ports, which opened in the high sides like doors, they were led to the captain. Diedrich gazed at him stolidly, Jan furtively, half-afraid yet defiant.

"What are you doing here?"

Diedrich answered, telling the captain of their trip. Jan thought the captain's eyes twinkled, but he was worried by the captain's threat.

"You lying rascals! You are spies! You think I am smuggling! I'll show you — I'll smuggle you! Mate! Hans!" he called out sharply. "Tie a heavy weight to their feet and see how they swim!"

Even if Jan and Diedrich were not sure of the joke, the mate and Hans must have been; for although they led the boys to the waist, and handled them roughly, they soon went about their business, and Jan and Diedrich gazed

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gloomily at the Indians, bringing furs aboard, and at the bustling crew.

Now smuggling in New Amsterdam was unlike smuggling to-day, for in this country there can be a duty only on goods brought in, but the West India Company required payment on goods taken out.

Peter Stuyvesant, the most famous of all the West India Company's governors, was in charge of New Amsterdam at this time. He was an irascible, loose-jawed, profane old man, who literally ruled New Amsterdam with his hot temper, his rough oaths and his wooden leg.

Captain Nielsen knew as well as the lads that Governor Peter was in a high state of anger over smuggling, and that any man caught at it would suffer. That was why Jan and Diedrich were especially gloomy over their prospects.

"We can jump at New Haven," Jan whispered, as the boys stood watching the loading.

"It isn't likely that he will put in at New Haven at all, at least now that he is getting a full cargo," Diedrich answered.

Jan was silent for a time, but he had a defiant light in his eyes which showed the desperate plans he was turning over in his mind. Whatever shape these may have taken, they were

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thwarted by an unexpected event; for the rising easterly wind made it impossible for Captain Nielsen to sail through the Sound that night, with no lighthouses to guide his course, and beating is very slow work in a square rigger.

Instead, he conceived the simple plan of running back through Hell Gate, passing the town after dark, and going through the Narrows and out to sea by Sandy Hook, which is to-day the course of the great transatlantic steamers Even if he were seen, the very daring of the scheme would prevent suspicion.

DRIVING BEFORE THE HEAVY WIND.

So, as soon as his trading with the Indians was over, he crowded on full sail, and driving before the heavy wind, plunged boldly through Hell Gate.

The strength of the gale and the speed of his craft made this course safer than the wild waters seemed to promise, but to Diedrich and Jan

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there was a terror in the spray which broke even over the high sides of the *Steadfast.*

The sun had set, and the darkness of the night was relieved only by the faint light of a mist-covered moon. The rugged shore on both sides slipped rapidly by.

When they were well toward the city, where the channel led them close to Allerton's warehouse, Diedrich and Jan found themselves alone on the high poop-deck, with Captain Nielsen at the tiller. To him the boys, in so far as he thought of them, were only troublesome. He may have intended to drop them as soon as occasion permitted; for he could hardly use them in his crew, and he certainly was too thrifty to take them as passengers. Yet to drop them, to let them tell their story, meant to prevent his return to New Amsterdam.

Jan, seeing that they were left alone, and the crew all forward or below, whispered to Diedrich: "We pass very close to the shore down by Allerton's. Shall we jump overboard and make a try for it? The captain will never dare stop for us."

"All right," said Diedrich., "You go first and I'll follow." Then as the *Steadfast* bore close to the shore, Jan, climbing up the rail, prepared

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to jump. Diedrich started to follow, but the outline of Jan's body against the sky-line caught Captain Nielsen's eye.

With a quick bound he grabbed Jan by the ankle just as the lad was crouching for the spring. Jan lost his balance and fell outward but the captain held on to him and drew him back to the deck. Diedrich hung back in the shadow of the rail, and then, when he saw that Jan was firmly held, darted for the tiller.

The ship was not twenty yards from shallow water, driving along at a fast clip. It was the work of but an instant to throw the heavy tiller hard over, so that the boat shot for the shore. The captain felt the swerve of his craft. He glanced back, saw Diedrich in the dim light, and made a spring for him.

But Diedrich was ready. He threw a heavy thole-pin, which struck the captain full in the face with enough force to check his rush, and then he shouted to Jan: "Overboard, quick!"

Jan clambered to the rail and jumped into the tide. Diedrich heard the splash as he struck the water, heard the rush of heavy boots along the deck as the crew came aft, and saw the captain recover himself and run toward him.

But all the time the *Steadfast* was shooting

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for the shore, and just as the captain was nearly upon him, she grounded with a rough, grating sound, and then stopped with a jerk.

Diedrich, dropping the tiller, was first to recover. He darted down the poop, to where the high rail dipped to the waist, and springing to the edge, dived overboard. He came up quickly and struck out for the shore. He had hardly gone ten feet when the captain and three of his men went overboard together.

It was a short swim, and Diedrich and Jan, accustomed to the water, were better swimmers than their pursuers. The boys reached the shallow water first, and splashed quickly through to the bank.

Gaining the shore, Jan, who was ahead, led the way toward the scattered houses near by. They heard the rushing steps of the men behind and the cursing of Captain Nielsen.

"Quick, Diedrich! To the tavern! If we try to hide here they'll get us, sure."

So they ran through the streets, the sailors in close pursuit. But as they came to the more thickly settled parts, the men dropped back, and

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Diedrich and Jan rushed on safely to the Harberg or Great Tavern, the social center of New Amsterdam.

It was to this tavern that practically all the freeholders in the town, with their wives, resorted every evening for social gossip. The building was shortly afterward converted into the Stadt Huys, or State House, and stood where now is Coenties Slip on Pearl Street, and a tablet on a gloomy warehouse marks its site.

To these gatherings of the social Dutch settlers came the captains from foreign ports; the governor, who was more boisterous than irascible when off duty; Jacob Steendam, the first real poet of this continent; and dozens of other notables.

Governor Stuyvesant was talking loudly and emphatically to a roomful of men and women when Jan burst through the door. He had just said that the next smuggler he caught would be hung by his toes from the arms of a windmill in a gale.

Jan tried to speak, but he was so excited that he only irritated the governor, who shouted at him in plain Dutch: "Get out of here, you impudent young brat! Don't you see that I am talking?"

But Diedrich came forward.

"There is a smuggler aground down by

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THE GOVERNOR GAZED WITH STARING EYES.

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Allerton's," he asserted. "They took us aboard from our canoe because they were afraid we would inform you, and then they ran aground."

The governor gazed at the boys with staring eyes. His suspicious old soul smelled a joke. But Jan's excitement was too real and Diedrich's statement too earnest to leave much doubt.

"We shall see! We shall see!" he shouted. "If you are telling the truth, you won't be sorry, but if you are lying," — and he stamped his ornamented wooden leg, — "I'll fix you both!"

With a party of soldiers and a curious crowd of citizens at his heels, the governor led the way to the river, with Jan and Diedrich by his side. When they reached the waterside, the captain and his men were laboring with all their strength to move their vessel. But she was hard aground, and a falling tide was making her more solid every minute.

Captain Nielsen's courage never failed him in emergencies, and he immediately assumed the semblance of innocence. When the governor, with many oaths, ordered him ashore, he came as if he were a much-abused man.

He told the governor that a couple of rascally boys, whom he had picked up from their frail canoe, had run his boat ashore, and that he

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would have them punished if there was any justice in Holland or the New Netherlands.

"Oh, there's justice enough!" roared the governor. "And if what they tell me of smuggling is true, you will find it before another sunset, you and your drunken sailors."

Captain Nielsen scoffed disgustedly: "Didn't I register every item of my cargo this afternoon when you were at the dock? How can I be smuggling when I paid my duties?"

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

THE PALISADE "WALL," NOW WALL STREET.

"He took a lot of furs from the Indians' canoes up in Flushing Bay," put in Jan.

"I haven't a fur aboard which I haven't paid duty on!" shouted Captain Nielsen.

"We shall see! We shall see!" said Governor Stuyvesant. "Bring a boat!"

There was a long delay; then the boys heard the governor storming roughly, and Jan's quick ears heard rambling curses about "two lying whelps of boys," which made him tremble.

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Peter Stuyvesant came ashore in a passion. He stumped over the rocks to where the boys stood, and threatened them with his staff.

Indeed, it would have gone hard with them, if at just that moment Jacob Steendam, the poet, standing close by the waterside, had not spied a floating object, and pulling it ashore, found it to be a bale of furs not even soaked through.

He bore them to the governor. "I think, sir, the boys are telling the truth. I just fished this out of the water, and it hasn't been there long. No doubt we can find more if we look for them."

The governor, angrier than ever now, went back to the boat, and with his men searched about in the dark, picking up a number of other bales, and missing many which were discovered about the harbor the next day.

When he came back he spoke almost kindly to the boys. "You have done well, boys, and I will not forget you."

Captain Nielsen and his men did not hang by their toes, but they were sent to Holland and imprisoned for many years. The governor, when he heard the next day that the *Steadfast* did not run aground through accident, broke into a loud laugh. "The little rascals!" he shouted. "Send them to me!"

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Jan and Diedrich were brought before him.

"I said I would not forget you boys, and I will not. I have to take the smuggled furs and the ship for the company, but you can have all the rest of the cargo."

The boys went away in high spirits. Jan had many schemes, but Diedrich's sounder judgment prevailed, and it was not very many years before these two founded the house of Stevensen & Van Horne, Exporters, with the money they received for these furs.

From a little beginning they developed a great business house, whose ships were known in every port of the world, even long after they were dead.

The first modest shop occupied by these lads was located among the sparse Dutch cottages along the way they ran from the furious captain to the Harberg, where now stand immense business buildings, where princely merchants with modern methods command the commerce of a continent in the same spirit of enterprise begun by Stevensen and Van Horne.

MARTIN M. FOSS.

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MARQUETTE'S DISCOVERY.

THE discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, and the burial of that cavalier in its depths at night, are very poetic and picturesque events of our history. But the northern discovery of the great river by Marquette and Joliet, if less dramatic, is wonderfully attractive in historical incidents and coloring.

Cast your eye over the map of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley, and you may see at a glance the route of the Jesuit father, Marquette, from the Canadian north to Green Bay, and thence to the Wisconsin River.

It was early summer when Marquette launched his canoes on the Wisconsin. On June 17, 1673, beyond the blooming bluffs a great tide met the Wisconsin at a place where is now the city of Prairie du Chien. The canoe of Marquette drifted down the greater stream, and the pilot-missionary found himself on the Mississippi.

It has been asserted that La Salle saw the Mississippi before Marquette; but La Salle himself, in whose enterprise both Marquette and Joliet were engaged, never asserted a title to the discovery.

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As Marquette passed down the great river that opened to him, his eye was suddenly arrested by the effigies of two dragons on the high bluffs, or rocks, at a point near where the city of Alton now stands. Each effigy, he says, "was as big as a calf." They were colored green and

HIS EYE WAS SUDDENLY ARRESTED.

red, had scales, and the tails were wound round their bodies and ended like fishes.

Marquette was, to use his own language, filled with terror at the sight. He believed that the evil one was the lord of the wilderness, despite the sunshine, the song-birds and flowers, and that this dark dominion was to disappear before the coming of the Cross.

Marquette made a sketch of the two dragons

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of the Mississippi. It was preserved by the French intendants of Canada, and copies of it are yet to be seen.

The Dragon Rocks have crumbled. In 1860 the pictures had disappeared, and about that date efforts were made to restore them. But the hammers of science have wholly changed the appearance of the place, which for some two hundred years was known, and appeared on old maps, as Castle Rocks.

Marquette passed the mounds where St. Louis now stands, and the mouths of the three rivers, the Missouri, the Illinois and the Ohio. The summer deepened; the world grew more bright and entrancing. He returned, but worn out with the hardships of his voyage, soon after died.

Thus France, through her discoveries and by colonization, laid claim to the country from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Allegheny to the Rocky Mountains. Canada was ceded to England; the Louisiana Purchase gave the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest Territory to the United States.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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IN COLONIAL DAYS.

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THEY SEIZED HER BY THE WRISTS.

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DIANTHE AND THE WITCH.

"NAY, Giles; no need to tell me thou'rt going to Wenham Lake to fish!" the old woman said, angrily. "No good'll ever come to thee there. I know how she holds thee with spells —"

"Mother, mother," Giles cried, "I know it likes thee not that I go to Dorothy Wayne; but such talk is dangerous! As thou holdst me dear, say naught of spells to any gossip of thine."

It was the year 1692, the time of the terrible witchcraft delusion. Giles bent affectionately and coaxingly over his mother for a farewell caress, which she gave eagerly, throwing her arms about his neck and holding him back. Then she watched him go across the porch, and down under the trees of the fragrant woodland.

Her face worked strangely, and gradually grew hard. She set her wheel in the corner, took down her red cloak from the press, and went across the fields to Master Parris's house in Salem town.

The minister surmised her errand. "You are come at a good time, Dame Margery. Know you aught of your son's whereabouts?"

"Alas, do I!" Margery answered bitterly.

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"He is gone to Wenham Lake; and much I fear me no good spell draws him there."

"I feared it, I feared it! Much has come to our ears concerning the unholy spells and charms of Dorothy Wayne. I trust he has not been misled by them."

A wave of hot anger flamed over Dame Margery's face. "He is bewitched, and he heeds naught from me! Master Parris, on his coat, Monday morn, when I brushed it, was a long golden hair. I tried to brush it off, and it clung and curled about my hands."

In a carefully guarded voice, the minister said, "Why did you not think to burn it?"

"I did, but the evil thing would not burn! A sudden wind whirled it up chimney."

The minister's face grew very grave, but his tone was one of carefully repressed eagerness. He watched the woman narrowly.

"I fear me that young man has been foully dealt with. I know how it lies on your heart, dame, but have no fear for him. She shall be entreated, and the mischief stopped."

Again Margery grew pale. "I know naught," she said. "I've seen naught—"

Master Parris leaned toward her, laying a hand on her wrist. "Ann Putnam hath seen

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her in the moonlight, with loosened hair and waving arms, singing a charm round a dried-up well. Elizabeth Hubbard saw her mutter spells that drew swarms of wild bees to her hive. And Goodman True saw her wile fish to the shore to feed from her hands."

A terrified look had come into Dame Margery's face, and he touched again the chord which had worked for his purpose: "Moreover, in the meeting, look how she draws all the young men's eyes. Hast seen the mole on her chin?"

Dame Margery started. "'Tis Satan's sign and seal!" she cried, in a low, horrified tone.

"And verily do I fear this son of thine is in her power, but even now godly men are working for his salvation."

That same evening two stern-faced men rode slowly along the shore of Wenham Lake. Suddenly one of the two reined in his horse and pointed to a woman on the shore.

Her hands were upraised to bind a trailing vine about an oak branch, and she was so absorbed in the happy thoughts which sung themselves into a familiar psalm-tune that she did not notice the quiet approach of the men, who now stood close behind her. As she lowered her arms, they seized her by the wrists.

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The girl turned with a startled cry; but seeing only the well-known faces of Marshal Herrick and Robert Neal, she said, with a little laugh, "Good even to you, Master Herrick! Master Neal, you nigh frighted me." Then as they stood silent, "Loose my hands now, pray you. I ne'er knew you to tease before."

The men, grim and unsmiling, answered never a word to Dorothy's speech. They stood, looking silently at each other. And then Herrick, drawing from his pocket a cord, began to tie it about the girl's wrists.

"What would you?" she cried. "Surely this is an unseemly jest, and a long one. Loose me, masters; my mother waits me."

Then Herrick spoke quite harshly: "She will find other ministering. The service of a witch cannot be profitable, even to bodily comfort."

A cry of anguish escaped from the girl. "I must go!" and with a look of wild appeal she faced the men. "She is blind!"

"Thou must come with us," Herrick made answer, "into Salem town, forthwith;" and paying no heed to her desperate struggles, they dragged Dorothy Wayne to the horses, fastened the cord, which bound her cruelly chafed wrists, to the saddle-bow, and compelled her to walk into Salem.

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Arrived at the house of Jonathan Corwin, the magistrate, where she was to be had in safe-keeping for the night, they half-led, half-dragged her up the garret stairs, fastened the door with a strong iron bolt, and left her until the next day, when her trial was to take place in the meeting-house.

As Dorothy was led into the house, a child, looking from an upper window, had caught sight of her face in the light of the open door, and with a glad cry had darted down the stairs —to find no one!

Presently the child's father with Herrick and Neal appeared from the door leading to the garret. Master Corwin was evidently ill-pleased to see the little face eagerly waiting for him.

Before the child could speak he put his hand on her shoulder, and led her toward the door.

"What dost here, Dianthe?" he said, a little sternly. "Maids of thy years should be asleep at this hour."

"Nay, father," she said. "I was nigh there when I heard a horse's tramp, and looked from the window to see who came. Then I saw Dorothy, and ran down. Where is she?"

The father's face hardened. "Get thee to bed, child. To-morrow will be time enow to talk of her."

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"Nay, nay," said Dianthe, with a little wilful air, which at other times her father thought vastly bewitching, "I must know now! Sure, she looked not well. What aileth her, father? And why must I not see her?"

The father's voice grew stern as he said, "The woman Dorothy Wayne is prisoner here, to be brought before the court to-morrow and tried for witchcraft. My daughter hath no part nor lot with such."

With an indignant movement the child slipped from his arm and confronted him. "Who saith that, father?"

"Many," he answered, gravely. "Her specter hath haunted the parsonage and sorely afflicted little Elizabeth. She hath bewitched many. Dame Margery Howe came to the minister's only this morning, sore troubled because of the bewitchment of her son—"

"They lie, father, they lie!" cried the girl, her small frame dilating with passionate protest. "The sweetest, kindest — O father!"

"She hath bewitched thee, too," said Corwin, sadly. Then he put his two hands on her shoulders and his voice grew fierce with the terrible fanaticism of the day: "Child, child, think of the power these emissaries of Satan

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have over us! See how they multiply apace! They must be stamped out! The land must be delivered! If Dorothy Wayne confess and repent, well; if not —" He frowned gloomily.

THE JUDGE CORWIN HOUSE, SALEM.

Dianthe caught her breath in a sudden, gasping sob. "Father! Father! You will not let them hurt her! I love her! Father,"—clinging passionately about his neck,—"you will not!"

Her father put the clinging arms away, not ungently, as he said, "The Lord's work must be done, daughter. This hand may not spare when the Lord commandeth to slay."

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Dianthe's lips parted for another appeal, but a quick change came over her face. That curious likeness to her father became more pronounced; a sudden light filled her eyes, and she turned to leave the room.

When Dorothy heard the heavy bolt pushed into the socket, she sank upon the floor, overwhelmed with terror. Then starting up with the feeling that she must escape, she groped with outstretched hands toward the square of light made by the window.

Leaning out, she could dimly see the sloping roof, and knew that somewhere, far below, was the ground, the blessed ground, which she dared not try to reach. She tried to pray, but mocking faces peered at her out of the gloom. She began to wonder if she could have committed some secret sin, which had placed her in league with the Powers of Evil.

The horror grew, until the bats, circling over her head, seemed to the poor girl busy fiends, haunting and pursuing her; and she threw up her arms to ward them off, shrieking aloud, till

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a merciful lethargy fell upon her, and she crouched in the stupor of exhaustion.

Meanwhile, in the room below, her little friend, with eyes alight with determination, bided her time. When the house was quite still, she slipped softly down the stairs, carrying her shoes in her hand, slid back the bolt of the kitchen door, and stood outside in the dim light of a waning moon, alone in the night.

Everything was strange to her startled senses, every rustle in the grass, every moan of the wind in the pines, the hoot of a distant owl, all seemed the sign of some enemy of her Dorothy, waiting to defeat her purpose.

A neighbor's dog howled, and Dianthe ran till she fell, sure that Stubb was pursuing her, and would attack, although in the daylight they were good friends. She lay still a moment, listening for the swift patter of his feet, but he did not come; and just beyond was Dame Margery's cottage.

She caught her breath, wondering what she could say if she roused the dame. Then finding a pebble, she threw it deftly against the window. A stir within made her heart throb with fear, but it was the face of Giles which peered from the window; and she called softly, "Hist, Giles!"

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In a few breathless words she told him of Dorothy's arrest and danger, and in an incredibly short time Giles, with Dianthe on a pillion behind him, was speeding over the road she had so bravely travelled alone.

Just below the house he tethered his horse to a tree, and the two advanced cautiously under the garret window.

"See, it's not very high," Dianthe whispered. "You can easily catch her."

Dorothy's stupor was suddenly pierced by a clear, low whistle. She listened, bewildered. She had heard that whistle in the morning; she must have been dreaming, and she was again sinking into that merciful lethargy when the whistle came again, soft and clear. This time she knew she was awake, and sprang to the window.

Below her, in the half-light, she could dimly see two figures, and Dianthe's voice called softly to her: "Don't be afraid, Dorothy, dear! Just slide down, and Giles will catch thee. Quick!" she urged, as Dorothy hesitated. "I did it a year agone but for fun."

Dorothy felt life and hope coming back with a sudden rush. She set her feet outside the narrow ledge, held an instant to the window-frame, and then let herself go.

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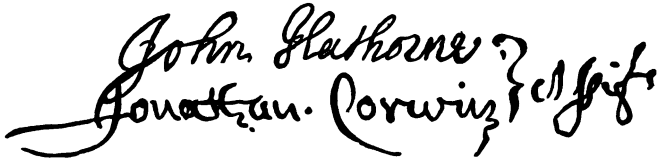
One frightful instant she felt as if falling through immeasurable space; then she stood safe on the ground, with Dianthe's arms about her neck, and Dianthe's eager voice whispering to her: "Quick, quick, before the dawn!"

The child saw them safely mounted and pacing softly away; waited, until at a safe distance the hoof-beats changed to a swift gallop; then she stole into the house, softly drew the bolt in its place, and, once more safe in her own room, dropped on the floor, a shivering, crouching little figure, shaken with a storm of stifled sobs.



SIGNATURES OF THE WITCHCRAFT JUDGES.

The meeting-house was packed. The magistrates, John Hathorne and Jonathan Corwin, were sitting there. Elizabeth Carey was to be tried, and then the Witch of Wenham; and every hour piled up the evidence against them.

On the outskirts of the crowd Dame Margery, with furtive anxiety, studied the faces of her neighbors. Early that morning she had

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discovered that Giles was not in his chamber, and later that his horse was missing from the stall, and she guiltily suspected some connection between that unusual circumstance and her visit to the minister.

What with her exacting love for her son, her jealousy, her terror lest Giles had learned of that visit, and her tormenting ignorance of his whereabouts, she was having a sorry time of it. Her neighbors had no leisure to bestow upon her, and her distress was unheeded in the absorbing events of the day.

Elizabeth Carey was brought in, a woman of noble presence. Her accusers were girls of nine and eleven years.

The excited crowd listened in credulous horror while Ann Putnam told how Mistress Carey had stuck pins in her, and Elizabeth Parris and Abigail Williams had had the colic, and been made dumb when she had appeared to them at divers times, and in divers forms. And who could doubt, when the mere glance of the prisoner was enough to throw the children on the floor, writhing in convulsions?

Then the solemn examination began, to be interrupted by John Hathorne with a solemn adjuration to the prisoner to confess. If she

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would confess, mercy should be shown her, but there was but one law for an unrepentant witch.

Mistress Carey said she had nothing to confess, and could not soil her lips with a lie. The examiners groaned, and called the witnesses. One had lost a cow after some words with the accused. Another could not pass her house without his wagon breaking down, and after working in her garden he had had a paralyzed arm. And many had seen her appear in the form of a cow or a dog, and then vanish with demoniac laughter.

The crowd listened in breathless silence, and craned curious necks to see, while the witnesses against the quiet, kindly woman, who stood with bound hands in the prisoner's box, swore to and signed the deposition.

Mistress Carey was remanded to prison, to await the day of her execution, which never came; for as the old Salem Town Chronicle tells it, "Her husband did, unholily, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and doubtless helped by her own wicked arts, steal her away from the righteous retribution of her misdeeds, and flee with her to a distant part of the country."

At the close of Elizabeth Carey's trial a deputation was sent to bring Dorothy Wayne

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from Master Corwin's house. Returning almost immediately, with looks of consternation, the men reported the garret, in which Master Corwin himself had seen her bestowed, to be empty, although the bolt had been fastened with a padlock, the key to which had never left him, even for a moment. No other egress was possible without wings — or the broomstick, which she had undoubtedly used.

A thrill of horror swept through the crowd. A witch like that, and at large! What might she not do in vengeance!

But Margery Howe drew a great breath of relief. Her face, which had grown deadly pale while the messengers were gone, regained its color; and disregarding the general excitement, she slipped away home, self-convicted, yet exultant. She knew that wherever Giles and his horse were, there was Dorothy Wayne. And then Margery Howe dropped on her knees, and prayed for the safety of the girl she had hated.

A pursuit was organized. Mounted on the fastest horses in the town, they searched every road leading from Salem for the next four days. At last, baffled and weary, they gave it up; and no semblance of Dorothy Wayne was seen in Salem township again, save that some declared

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that her shape had been seen flitting by the shores of Wenham water, and hovering about the deserted cottage, from which her blind mother had also disappeared.

At sunset of that memorable day a tired horse, panting under his double burden, stopped at the door of a hospitable farmhouse in Berwick, and a peaceful-faced matron, in Friend's dress, came out to receive the weary fugitives.

"Come right in!" said the cordial voice of the matron. "Thee shall have supper first, and tell thy story afterwards."

A few years later Dianthe, advanced to the dignity of long kirtles and a coif, sat on the vine-shaded porch of that same hospitable house, with her arms folded in Dorothy's lap. Out in the sunny field Giles tossed great masses of fragrant hay up into the cart, and at the other end of the porch Friend Deborah sat reading to Dorothy's blind mother.

"Nay, 'twas not I, Dorothy, dear," the girl was saying; "it was Giles."

And Dorothy, touching tenderly the dark hair, answered, "Nay, but I owe it all to the brave heart of my little Di."

HELEN KANE.

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THE REGICIDES.

ONE of the greatest tragedies recorded in the history of England, the execution of Charles I, had its miserable sequel and ending in a quiet New England village.

Of the judges who sentenced the king to death, the most austere were Edward Whalley and his son-in-law, William Goffe. Whalley was a cousin to Cromwell, and held a high place in the Commonwealth. Goffe was a member of Parliament, and a general in Cromwell's army.

Both men fled when Charles II returned to England. In 1660 they came openly to Boston, and were received cordially by the Puritan authorities. They lived comfortably in Cambridge for about six months, went to church and to public meetings, and received visits.

News was then brought from England that seven of the regicides were condemned to death. Whalley and Goffe, who were of the number, took alarm and fled to New Haven, where they stayed in hiding until a royal mandate was received by the colonies, ordering their arrest.

Loyal young men traversed the country from

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Boston to South Carolina, summoning all good subjects, in the king's name, to aid in bringing these murderers to the gallows.

The two judges, in mortal terror, left New Haven at night, and took refuge in a mill at Hatchet Harbor, where they lay hid among the sacks of grain. A farmer, named Richard Sperry, then brought them to a cave in a wild part of the forest, the existence of which was known only to himself. Here they lived for several months, with no more comforts than the beasts of prey.

Sperry's son Joe, when an old man, told that his father used to give him every day a basket of food to carry into the woods, and to leave on a certain stump. The next day the empty platters were ready for him.

When the Indians discovered their cave in the spring, the judges fled to Milford, many miles distant, hiding in the woods by day and journeying by night.

At Milford they were hidden by a man named Tomkins in his cellar for two years. A venerable president of Yale College, who had collected the facts concerning these men, states that they did not even venture once into the garden or orchard during these years, so constant was the danger of discovery.

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At the end of this time they were taken into the house of a Puritan minister named Russell, at Hadley. A secret chamber was built for them, and there they remained for more than sixteen years, not even the children of the family knowing of the presence in their home of these hunted, miserable men.

Traditions of the old families of Hadley and New Haven give us glimpses of the dreadful solitude and the narrow escapes of the fugitives.

Once, before they reached Hadley, they were pursued by a body of armed men across a bridge. Taking refuge behind a large sycamore, they fired on their pursuers from both sides of it. The men held a council, and resolved to go back to town for arms. When they came back the regicides had disappeared, and the woods were searched for them in vain. They were all the time under the bridge, up to their necks in water. The feet of their pursuers tramped all night just over their heads.

After several years had passed, the report that Whalley and Goffe had died in Jamaica reached the country. On hearing it the poor prisoners, we are told, thanked God. They never ventured, however, to leave their secret chamber, although the men in this country were dead

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who had known and pursued them. To be discovered they knew meant certain death.

There is a legend that Goffe, a soldier of hotter blood than his companion, twice ventured out of the secret chamber. The Indians attacked Hadley,

FROM AN OLD PRINT.

AN AGED MAN LED THEM TO BATTLE.

and the people ran hither and thither in wild dismay, when, it is said, "an aged man in strange garments, with long gray beard," appeared among them, marshaled, and led them to battle. When the enemy was routed he disappeared.

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Another time an English gentleman, becoming straitened for money while in America, advertised that he would give an exhibition of sword-play, and challenged all comers to combat. Nobody in the town could use a sword. But while he stood on the stage, flourishing his weapon, a farmer in a huge, many-caped coat advanced from the audience, bearing a cheese for a shield and a broom dripping with mud as a weapon.

He began to fight, received the sword-thrusts in his cheese, and occasionally daubed the face and laced doublet of his antagonist with the muddy broom. At last, throwing away the shield, he set at work in earnest, using the broom as a sword, and so rapid and fierce was his attack that in a few moments his adversary was disarmed and his weapon sent spinning in the air. The Englishman stared in consternation, and is reported to have said, "You are either the devil or William Goffe!"

Goffe, it appears, had taught this brother officer to fence, and seeing his challenge, could not resist the temptation to have a bout with him.

After this extraordinary victory he hurried through the crowd into the night and vanished, never again to appear in the sight of men.

Whalley died in extreme old age and was

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secretly buried by the minister in his cellar. Goffe died a few years later. There was a legend among the old people of Hadley, that when they were children, a mysterious nameless grave lay across the boundaries of two lots, and it was darkly whispered that the body of a criminal was hidden below, which if discovered by the English governor would be horribly dealt with.

There can be little doubt that this unfortunate body was that of Goffe. Its burial in the grounds of two landlords was supposed to be of some protection to it.

Goffe's diary in cipher was sent to a Boston library. There it lay unread for nearly a century. It was deciphered at last, and the story of the hiding-place of the two judges in the Russell house for the first time revealed.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

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THE PURITAN PARSON.

IT was meeting-time in Hansfield, Massachusetts Bay Colony, on a Sunday morning in June, 1676. The fifty or sixty log buildings which made up the settlement stood silent as so many tombs among the stumps of the half-cleared field, for every soul in the place was in the meeting-house on the hill, except Abner True.

Abner True, whose father was a deacon and tithing-man, and counted second only to the minister himself in rigid piety, was actually playing truant from meeting; and this in a village which looked upon Plymouth and Weymouth as dangerously worldly towns, relaxed in morals and manners by overmuch prosperity.

But Abner had worked from sun to sun every day of the last week, and knew he must do the same every day of the next week and the week after that, and every week of the long summer.

It seemed to him too hard that on this one day of rest he should be obliged to sit upon a backless plank bench all the forenoon. Abner felt sure that the sermon would not be a short one this day, and the more he thought of it the

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more he dreaded it, until he became willing to incur any punishment for the sake of escaping that long discourse.

So when Deacon Amos, with his wife and younger children, were ready for meeting, no Abner could be found. Hidden in the little haymow of the rough barn, he saw the family depart, his father marching ahead, equipped with musket, bandoleer and powder-horn; for King Philip and his Indians were at war against the whites, and no man throughout the colony went to field or church without his arms.

Similar groups, similarly accoutered, paced solemnly along toward the rude sanctuary upon the hill, until Abner, seeing that all Hansfield had passed, felt that he was safe for the present, and lay down upon the soft hay to prepare for the sound nap he had so longed for. But between his guilty consciousness of what he had done and his dread of what Deacon Amos would do, Abner could not manage to sleep.

The time went on, when he heard a sound that wakened him quite, and he sprang up to listen. A swishing in the tall grass, and a snap of a twig alarmed him. He grabbed his gun and peered through a crack in the barn; then he rushed headlong out of the back door up the

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meeting-house hill to warn the worshipers of the coming danger.

In the meeting-house Parson Pladley had turned his big hour-glass twice, and now the sands of the third hour were almost spent.

The heavy door was flung open and shut again with a loud bang that startled every member of the congregation. A boy, staggering, and streaming with perspiration, ran up the broad aisle and fell exhausted at the foot of the pulpit. Every man stretched out his hand to the musket that stood beside him; but no one rose, no one said a word or uttered an exclamation. Whatever the danger was, this was God's house, and in it none but God's servant should raise a voice or venture upon any action unless he permitted.

THE MEETING-HOUSE ON THE HILL.

The minister descended from his place, leaned over the panting Abner and caught the few words the boy had strength to whisper: "Savages stealing up—to take us unaware!"

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The minister returned to the pulpit. "Kindle your matches, brethren," said he, in a voice of perfect tranquillity. The ring of flint and steel sounded all over the house.

"Make ready your guns," continued the minister, taking up a heavy musket, and blowing the match, or fuse, by which it was discharged. "Musketeers, to your stations. Ye that have but swords or pikes, sit fast."

The congregation obeyed these orders as calmly as they had been given. Twenty-five men, headed by Deacon True, silently ranged themselves at the loopholes which were pierced in the door and along the walls.

Parson Pladley looked at the hour-glass, which still continued to run, and quietly resumed his duty of preaching his sermon.

On the benches the listeners kept their composed countenances turned upon the preacher, whose words sounded through the house: "And even as aforetime the heathen did furiously rage, and did compass the children of the covenant with spear and with javelin round about —"

A high-pitched, thrilling screech filled the air without, and now rose above the minister's voice. There came quick, sharp patterings on the roof and walls like hailstones.

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Enoch Brett fell backward from his loophole, hit by an arrow. Another man rose from his seat, picked up the gun which Brett had dropped, and took the vacant station.

A dozen muskets answered the storm of missiles. Their fire seemed to check the advance of the Indians, inasmuch as the war-cry grew fainter and the pattering of the arrows diminished.

Parson Pladley had not interrupted his sermon, although his voice had been drowned by the noise of the assault and defense.

All the men who could act were at their posts; why should he not continue to the end? His sense of duty told him that he ought not to cease his holy office before the appointed time, except under compulsion, in which he must recognize the hand of God.

His hearers understood this as well as if he had declared his determination in so many words. They did their part by listening with steady attention.

Again the cries grew louder and arrow-flights thicker. The guns replied, but this time the attack was not repulsed. A ponderous thumping on the door, which shook the whole building, told that some kind of battering-ram was employed to break it down.

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Only a pinch or two of sand remained in the hour-glass. Still it was not quite empty, and the Puritan Parson preached on.

Crash! The door was half off its hinges. The firearms men crowded behind it, and delivered a volley that appeared for a minute to clear the passage. The parson's lips could be seen to move, although his voice was not heard in the din.

HE RUSHED HEADLONG.

A renewed yell and the crashing blows once more beat upon the door. No shots answered this time, for the muskets were empty.

An arrow whistled across the church and stuck quivering in the pulpit. Round the edges of the shattered door hatchets and clubs were brandished in the faces of the defenders, who dashed them aside with the butts of their guns. The women began to scream.

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The last sand ran out of the hour-glass. Parson Pladley bowed his head and said, "Amen!" And all the congregation answered in tones of solemn reverence, "Amen!"

Up sprang the hitherto motionless listeners, women to the rear, men to the front; and from the pulpit the old minister, with sword and gun, led the way to the aid of the others, who were beginning to give ground before the mass of hideously painted figures who were forcing their way through the entrance.

Then came out another side of the Puritan character. The fierce energy, almost joy, with which the colonists fought was as surprising as the stony self-control they had shown but a moment before. Ahead of them all, Parson Pladley swung his mighty sword with cries which betrayed the old horse-soldier of Cromwell and Harrison, for such he had been; and of those who followed him, more than one had stood in the ranks of the pikemen who met the charges of Prince Rupert's Cavaliers.

As if he remembered this, the minister lifted up his strong voice in a stern psalm which had thundered over the battle-fields of Naseby and Marston Moor, the war-song of David the king, rejoicing over his victory: "I have pursued

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mine enemies and overtaken them; neither did I turn again till they were consumed; for Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle."

The Indians were like wolves combating lions. They shrank, wavered, and were pressed back to the door, through it, and outside of it. Then, by one last rush, they were broken, scattered and dispersed. They ran in every direction for the shelter of the woods; many of them fell by the way under the pikes and swords of their pursuers. Hansfield was saved.

Within the meeting-house, dim with powder-smoke and heaped with broken benches, arrows and the wounded men, the congregation gathered round its minister, who, blackened and bloody, with gown torn to shreds and a great slash across his forehead, once more raised up his voice, this time in the glorious strains of one of their triumphant hymns.

All joined in it, even the wounded, who could scarcely lift their heads from the ground, and the dying, who sang their last breaths away in the grateful chorus of thanksgiving for the safety of those they loved more than life.

When the injured had been cared for, and there was once more time for ordinary matters, the parson called Abner True to him.

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"Son Abner, thou didst well so cunningly to avoid those ruthless savages, and privily warn us betimes. For this thou meritest reward."

Abner looked up astonished. "And this shall be thy reward, that for thy wilful tarrying away from the sanctuary thou shalt receive no discipline from the church."

"But my father will —" stammered the boy.

"Of a surety he will," placidly replied the minister, "and I trust it may do thee good."

"Come with me, Abner," said Deacon Amos.

MANLEY H. PIKE.

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THE WESLEYS IN GEORGIA.

THE good ship *Simmonds*, dropping down from Gravesend on an October day in the year 1735, carried an uncommon cargo, as well as a large one. It consisted mainly of human beings, English, Irish, Scots and Germans. Conspicuous on the crowded deck was James Edward Oglethorpe, chief of the "Trustees for Settling and Establishing the Colony of Georgia." Attending him, and watching the odd scene with eager interest, were two young men, small in stature and spare of frame, yet for all that wearing somewhat of the aspect of authority. They were John and Charles Wesley.

Probably no pioneers were ever inspired with motives purer than those that guided the founders of Georgia. British statesmen could find more than one reason to approve a settlement south of the Carolinas, a project which meant the raising of another bulwark against the Spaniards. But the British philanthropists who, in 1732, procured letters patent from George II, had no end in view in the colony they named for him,

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except to provide a refuge for insolvent debtors and persecuted Protestants, to whom the Old World had proved unkind.

Early in 1733 the first settlers arrived, and Oglethorpe established them at the spot where Savannah now stands. A fort was built, a treaty was made with the Creek Indians, houses were erected, farms laid out and gardens planted. Later a settlement (Frederica) was made on St. Simon's Island, about sixty miles south, at the mouth of the Altamaha River, where was the outermost line of defense against the Spaniards. By the time the Wesleys set sail, the infant colony should have been well on its feet.

It was decided that John Wesley should minister to the colonists at Savannah, and that Charles Wesley should be stationed at Frederica, whither went most of those who came over in the ship with the Wesleys.

John records that he found seven hundred parishioners, who seemed to be well-disposed. At Frederica there were fewer people; but too many, considering the kind. The younger brother's difficulties began at once.

Hardly had he reached the settlement when he was busy trying to reconcile two termagants who had fallen out on shipboard. They would

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not be friends. Soon they had the whole community by the ears. The one thing both factions seem to have agreed upon was that a frank and courageous Christian minister would be very much in their way; and they undertook to embroil him with General Oglethorpe.

On the third day after Wesley landed at Frederica, Oglethorpe snubbed and insulted him. On the eighth day Wesley's life was attempted by some unknown enemy, who shot at him while he was at prayer in the woods.

CHARLES WESLEY.

A few days later, however, Charles Wesley and his patron came to an understanding, thanks chiefly to a confession made by one of the malcontent women; and thenceforth Oglethorpe and his secretary abode in perfect confidence. But the young man's health was sadly shaken by privation and mental strain, and in July he gladly

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embraced the opportunity to return to England, carrying despatches from Oglethorpe to the trustees of Georgia and the board of trade.

The vessel in which he embarked from Charleston was a leaky, ill-found craft, and it became necessary to touch at Boston to refit.

In Boston Charles remained six weeks, surfeited with hospitality, and strongly urged to set up his rest there. He sailed in another ship in October, and reached England December 3, 1736.

JOHN WESLEY.

Meanwhile troubles were thickening round John Wesley in his turn. Before leaving America Charles had written him a letter expressing an uncomplimentary opinion of two persons, whom he designated by Greek words. John dropped the letter. The person who picked it up read it, asked John whom the Greek words meant, and John, as open and

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unsuspicious a man as ever lived, artlessly told him. Of course the busybody spread the tale, and since Charles Wesley was safely out of the way, the whole force of the storm fell upon the elder brother.

His sorest trials came, however, through a Mrs. Williamson, whom he had earlier desired to marry. Unfortunately, she was inclined to be frivolous, while Mr. Wesley was strict, a born organizer and disciplinarian. Soon circumstances forced the clergyman to reprove Mrs. Williamson and exclude her from the communion. Magistrate Causton, her uncle, took up her quarrel, purposing to punish him through the courts; although for what he had done Mr. Wesley maintained he was answerable to the ecclesiastical authorities only, if to any.

With acrimony his enemies pursued, with firmness he defended himself. Six times he demanded a trial on the only charge on which he admitted the Savannah court had a right to try him, that of defaming Mrs. Williamson. But Causton and his party, having a poor case, thought it safer to avoid issue, and kept on abusing him, to tire him out. At last he did give notice of his intention to sail for England, and then he was told he must sign a bond to

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appear for trial when called upon, and another bond to cover possible damages.

"I shall sign neither one nor the other," he answered. Then the magistrates forbade him to leave the province.

He went, notwithstanding, openly, and at the time he had announced. This was on December 2, 1737. He sailed from Charleston twenty days later, and arrived in England February 1, 1738. It is interesting to note that on the day after he landed at Deal another famous preacher, George Whitefield, sailed thence, bound for Oglethorpe's colony.

JOHN WESLEY'S TEAPOT.

At a later day Mr. Wesley summed up his labors at Savannah in the saying that he had preached the gospel not as he ought, but as he was able. Moreover, Mr. Whitefield wrote that he found some serious persons, the fruits of Mr. Wesley's ministry. Neither utterance seems to sound the note of success.

Yet John Wesley ate little, slept less, and left not a moment unemployed. Of a Sunday he

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took part in eight different services. Of a week-day, when there was absolutely nothing to be done for somebody else, he worked with his hands in his garden. For one whole year the expenses of himself and a student companion amounted to less than forty-five pounds. During several months of his second year in America he had not a shilling in his pocket. Perhaps it was just as well, too. If he had had money he would have given it away.

That such energy and abnegation yielded so slight results was explained long afterward by one of his intimate friends: "Mr. Wesley in Georgia was high and deep, but not broad. His scrupulous exactness in things which seemed to others to be of little importance attracted notice, and made him seem whimsical. This lessened the dignity of his character in their opinion and weakened his influence."

Could these strong and saintly men have looked forward to the six million American Methodists of the present day, how light would their toils and sufferings have seemed!

WALTER LEON SAWYER.

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COLONIAL MERRYMAKING.

BY the year 1700 there were many planters in Virginia who had good horses, and indulged in those athletic and equestrian sports which their ancestors had indulged in from time immemorial in old England. The Virginians were Church of England people, who kept the saints' days, and kept them in the merry old style.

Let us consider Saint Andrew's day, about the year 1740, in Hanover County. Two or three Sundays before the great day a list of the games to be played and the prizes to be offered would be posted up on the church door.

Early in the day horsemen begin to arrive at the appointed field. There were scarcely any vehicles then in Virginia. All classes rode on horseback.

In a spacious abandoned field a rude platform has been constructed, upon which are seated the starters, the judges, and a few of the magnates of the county.

The horn sounds. The sportsmen are ready to begin. The starter and the judges are in

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their places, and a purse containing five pounds is produced, and suspended in view of the crowd.

Twenty horses, mounted by young men, and possibly, in some few cases, by a favorite colored jockey, are grouped ready for the race, to begin the day's sports. They are to gallop three miles, round a prescribed circuit, hastily indicated by

THE HORSE-RACE.

stakes or other familiar objects. There were few fences at that day to obstruct the progress of man or beast.

At the signal the twenty horses bound away on the course, and ten or twelve minutes after, the winner comes panting in to receive the prize and the plaudits of the crowd.

Perhaps the next entertainment would be an exhibition of cudgeling, a favorite sport with our brawny and hard-headed ancestors.

The game of cudgeling was something like

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short-stick fencing, the object being to give resounding raps upon the antagonist's head. After a series of cautious movements, the players would warm up to their work and deliver rattling blows with great rapidity, each good hit being rewarded by the vociferous applause of the onlookers gathered in a compact ring about them.

THE GAME OF CUDGELING.

A beaver hat of the old-fashioned cocked style is brought forward as the prize of the victorious cudgeler.

A good beaver hat was a costly article in those days, worth as much as fifteen dollars.

The horn sounds again to summon the gallant fiddlers of Hanover to a trial of their skill, the prize being a new violin, brought from London by the last ship.

It is proposed that a violin be played for by twenty fiddlers, no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him.

After the prize is won, the fiddlers are all to play together, each a different tune, and are to be treated by the company.

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Next, the boys are to have a turn. Twelve boys, twelve years of age, run a race of one hundred and twenty yards, the winner of which receives a new hat worth twelve shillings.

At the public diversions in Virginia the song-singers of a county often competed for a prize,

GIRLS, ROSY, BLUSHING AND EXPECTANT.

such as a new song-book, or something of the kind, each singer in turn singing his best song to the company.

Then might follow a wrestling-match for a prize of silver buckles, or a dancing-match for a pair of elegant shoes.

The entertainments sometimes concluded with a diversion that excited extraordinary interest among the young men. A pair of silk stockings was exhibited on the platform, to be given to the prettiest girl in the field.

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We can fancy the bevy of rosy girls, all drawn up in a line before the judges' stand, blushing and expectant, and the judges descending to the field to scrutinize more closely the charms of the competing damsels.

At the close of the exercises a repast was served upon the field, not indeed for the whole crowd, but, as the program expressed it, "for the subscribers and their wives, and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives may treat any other lady."

It was in some such simple and innocent way as this that the people of the Southern colonies amused themselves on days of festivity two hundred years ago.

As time went on and wealth increased, the class of men of leisure became more numerous, and the coach-and-six appeared. Fox-hunting became fashionable. Col. George Washington was an ardent fox-hunter. Often he would be out three times a week, and sometimes chased a fox all day, only to lose him at last.

We see also in the diary of Washington how regularly he and his wife attended the grand balls given every winter at Alexandria.

Of the Northern colonies, Pennsylvania was by far the wealthiest at the middle of the eighteenth

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century. The jolly diversions of Virginia were not in favor in the Quaker commonwealth, where social gatherings appear to have been the chief pleasures.

An old chronicler reports that the wedding feasts of Philadelphia were enormous. The house of the bride's parents would be filled with company to dine, all of whom would be invited to stay to tea and to a late supper in the evening. For two days punch was dealt out to all callers, and every gentleman, even if as many as a hundred a day called, had the privilege of kissing the bride.

In New England, besides the rustic corn-huskings, quilting-bees and house-raisings, there was really but one festival which can be looked back upon with pleasure and approval, namely, Thanksgiving, which has been truly styled the Puritan Christmas.

This was observed in the eighteenth century very much as it is in this, by the return of absent members of the family to their home, by feasting and unbounded merriment.

JAMES PARTON.

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WASHINGTON AT BELVOIR.

HOW may one better appeal for interest in the long-deserted and half-forgotten Virginia home, situated some four miles below Mount Vernon on a noble bluff overhanging the Potomac River, and now overgrown by trees and vines, than by quoting the words of Washington himself concerning it: "The happiest moments of my life had been spent there."

The first owner and founder of Belvoir was William Fairfax, a Yorkshireman, cadet of the house of fighting Fairfaxes. He came to Virginia as collector of the king's customs, and agent for the immense estates of his first cousin, the sixth Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court. He became president of the Virginia Council, was for that reason called "colonel," and ended his life on the Virginia hillside where he now lies.

It was to the household of this accomplished and kindly gentleman that the schoolboy George, recently a pupil of Mr. Williams's school at Wakefield, was introduced by his brother Lawrence, whom he had come to visit at Mount Vernon.

Now such a "visit" might last three days, three

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weeks, or if sufficiently enjoyable, three months, without stretching the welcome of one's hosts.

George's brother Lawrence had married Colonel Fairfax's charming daughter Anne, who made things most agreeable at Mount Vernon. There was a perpetual exchange of dinings and tea-drinkings between Mount Vernon and Belvoir. At stated intervals all the gentlemen of the county met at one place or the other for a fox-hunt breakfast.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.
FIRST PORTRAIT BY C. W. PEALE.

The colonel, Lawrence's father-in-law, took an immense fancy to young George, whom he early began to entertain and instruct in the art of war by recitals of his own adventures. And last, perhaps not least, there were always some nice girls stopping at Belvoir!

What wonder that George's visit to Lawrence and Anne extended indefinitely; that Mount Vernon and Belvoir both became homes to him!

We may safely picture him at this time of life as shy, awkward, somewhat gawky, presenting few suggestions of the "imperial man," as Lowell calls him, he afterward became.

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His clothes were homespun, and no doubt he carried in the pocket of his country-made suit that historic penknife one may see in the Masonic Lodge of Alexandria. It was presented to him by his mother when he was twelve years old, and was carried constantly for fifty-six years.

The State Department at Washington contains a great number of letters passing between Col. William Fairfax and Washington. All of these show on the old soldier's part a keen and fatherly interest in the younger one's career, and are responded to by Washington with almost filial respect and affection.

But it was the oldest of the Belvoir boys, George William Fairfax, with whom Washington formed one of the closest friendships of his life. This young man, some years older than Washington, was handsome, dashing and accomplished, and like his brothers, had been educated in England. Together the two Georges spent many of the happy hours of youth.

When old Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court gave Washington, at sixteen, his first chance to earn money by surveying my lord's lands in the pathless wilderness of what is now West Virginia, George Fairfax offered to accompany his friend.

Together they rode through Ashly's Gap in

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the Blue Ridge mountains, and roamed and camped for weeks in happy fellowship, a description of which adventure may be read in full in Irving's life of Washington.

The two Georges in their youth did not spend all their days in sport and travel. Side by side

BELVOIR ON THE POTOMAC.

they went into the political contests of the county. There is a story current in Alexandria of how, on one occasion, Washington backed up Fairfax in a hot contest for a seat in the House of Burgesses against Mr. Payne, afterward a colonel in the Continental army.

Payne took violent offense, and attacking Washington suddenly, took him off his guard

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and knocked him down. This occurred in the market-place of Alexandria, and the next day, while the town was ringing with talk of the challenge to fight a duel, which Washington, according to the custom of the day, must inevitably send Payne, the assailant received, instead of a challenge to fight, a note from Washington so full of magnanimity and forbearance as to make Payne forever after his devoted friend and champion. Colonel Payne was, in fact, one of those appointed at the funeral of Washington to carry his body to the tomb.

Perhaps the most interesting phase of the friendship of the two Georges was that during the oncoming of the Revolutionary War, while Washington was slowly but surely taking his place as one of the guiding spirits of the movement toward disruption from the mother country, George Fairfax was as steadfastly holding to his conviction that such a movement was wrong and mischievous.

In spite of this burning difference, their relations did not alter. They discussed the question personally and by letter, from every standpoint, each listening respectfully to the other's views, and each ending as firm as before in his own opinion.

It was to George Fairfax that Washington

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gave utterance to that noble cry of feeling about the coming conflict:

"Unhappy it is to reflect that a brother's sword has been sheathed in a brother's breast, and that the once happy and peaceful plains of America are to be either drenched with blood or inhabited by slaves. Sad alternative! But can a virtuous man hesitate in his choice?"

GEORGE WILLIAM FAIRFAX.

George Fairfax sailed finally for England, passing the famous "tea ships" coming into Boston harbor, and in England the conscientious Tory thereafter lived and died.

During his absence at this time Washington charged himself with the care of Belvoir, and the various affairs relating to his friend's Virginia estate. Fairfax's death was a blow to him, and their correspondence up to that moment shows no diminution of a lifelong confidence and love.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

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THE RESCUE.

IT was that disastrous July, 1755, in which the colonies of Virginia and Maryland passed through one of the most cruel periods of their history. General Braddock's advance-guard had marched blindly into the ambush on the banks of the Monongahela contrived for them by an enemy ignorantly despised; and it was twelve hours since Colonel Dunbar, yielding to the panic, had ordered a retreat.

Slowly the routed army trailed along the rough road they had made a week ago. The Indians and their French allies hung about the retreat, following through the close-growing underbrush.

To provide transport for the many wounded, Dunbar had abandoned ammunition and provisions. But the wagons thus secured were so crowded, the July heat and the feverish thirst were so unendurable, that the sturdiest sufferers became delirious.

The guarding of these wounded had been assigned to the unhurt survivors of the advance-guard, who surrounded the wagons; and among them marched a boy of sixteen.

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Nicholas had not a scratch after the horrors of that battle, but when the hot afternoon waned into a yet hotter twilight, and the excitement of danger dulled with the ceasing of the occasional shots, he grew so tired that defeat, dishonor, death appeared less dreadful than his intolerable longing for sleep.

A young officer marching beside him, tall, stalwart and handsome, cheered him from time to time, and once in a hard scramble up a hill, crying, "Here, comrade, a hand!" shouldered the weary boy's musket, put his arm about Nicholas's waist, and helped him over the rough places. Nicholas answered with a grateful look and word. This was the man of all the company that in his boyish way he most admired. That his admiration was well-founded he learned with pride in after years. The young officer was George Washington.

Had Washington remained by the boy's side, Nicholas would probably have escaped the complications that ensued; but the young officer soon went forward to urge on another detachment in the weary retreat.

A few moments later a figure scrambled over the back of the wagon just ahead of Nicholas, staggered, and fled into the underbrush.

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At sight of that blood-stained runaway, Nicholas halted abruptly, for he could not let Lawrence Fairfax, his employer's son, wounded and raving, rush upon certain destruction.

"I must bring that fellow back! He is a neighbor at home!" he shouted, and made off into the forest. "I'll overtake him quickly," he assured himself. "He cannot go far!" But when he came upon Lawrence's senseless body, he asked himself an anxious question.

Lawrence was taller and heavier than he. To carry him would be impossible. If this faint lasted long, as seemed likely, would not the Indians find them? Nicholas stared round nervously, his hands clenched, his heart beating fast at the sound of muttering voices, which proved to be only the murmur of a stream close by.

He bent over the white face in sympathy, for he, too, was thirsty, and he guessed what torment had forced the delirious youth desperately to seek relief. A few steps and he was beside the stream, swallowing delicious drafts. But he was quickly with Lawrence again, pouring water from his wide felt hat on the white face, and pressing his drenched handkerchief on the close-shut lips of the unconscious youth.

Slow work it was reviving him, yet at last

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Lawrence's eyes stared up with recognition in them. "What is it, Nick? Did Ladybird throw me? I must be sore hurt to make thee look so gently on me."

With a dozen words Nicholas brought him to remembrance of the incidents just passed.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT. FROM THE PAINTING BY C. SCHUESSELE.

"Thou hast risked thy life for me!" he murmured, struggling to his elbow. "We must start after Dunbar at once, or we shall lose him."

This was quite Nicholas's opinion, but it was an opinion not easy to put into action. For although Lawrence got to his feet and stumbled a few yards, he collapsed then, slipping through Nicholas's hold to the ground.

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"I'm too shaky to stand!" he gasped. "Go on, Nick. I'm thankful to thee, but I'll not be responsible for thy scalping."

"I shall not leave thee," Nicholas said. "I dare say if thou canst sleep for an hour we may overtake the rear-guard at the first halt."

"What of the Indians?" Lawrence asked.

"Likely the Indians are tired as well as we," said Nicholas. "Perchance they will take this night for a good rest."

"Nick," Lawrence murmured, "I have not deserved that thou —" His voice failed, his eyes closed, and he fainted again.

Of the night which followed Nicholas would never willingly speak. It seemed years long in the passing, and crowded with fears and fatigues. But all that night there was neither sight nor sound of Indians, and at last, toward dawn, both boys slept so profoundly that the noon sunshine woke them by glinting in their eyes.

Luckily, they were used to the rough tramps, and they set out hopefully to seek Dunbar's forces. Patiently they tacked in many directions, but the road remained lost to them in the bewildering mazes of the forest. Glad enough they were at the end of two hours to cross the course of their stream once more.

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Lawrence, who was feverish and exhausted, refused to go farther from its cool waters. He lay tossing and muttering home names.

At last, as twilight darkened about them, it was Lawrence who roused Nicholas.

"It is cooler. We must go on!"

"Whither shall we go?" asked Nicholas.

"Wherever our friendly stream may lead us," said Lawrence; "for we shall never overtake Dunbar now, and we may find some settler."

They had not wandered a mile, however, when they stumbled upon a trail, but recently broken into wagon ruts. Ten minutes more and they came to a clearing, which surrounded a large corn-field and a log cabin.

Lawrence flung his arms about Nicholas. "Thou art saved?" he gasped. "Tell my mother that I —"

Nicholas laid him, limp and senseless, on the ground, and dashed across the clearing. The cabin was fast closed, but that proved occupation rather than desertion in those times of constant danger.

A flash from a loophole beside the door and a bullet whizzing close to his head sent Nicholas dodging to his knees.

"Help!" he shouted. "Spare your shot!

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We are two Virginians from Braddock's army!"

Silence followed. Nicholas, crouching below the level of the loophole, dared not rise or draw nearer the cabin.

"Help!" he cried again. "My comrade has swooned from his wound—and may die while you delay!"

A woman's voice answered him after a moment. "Lay down your musket and approach!"

Nicholas stood up and stepped close to the loophole. Then the woman spoke again: "You are a lad—and your companion?"

"So sore wounded he could not hurt you were he a giant. But we are both soldiers from the troops which passed not far away last night."

The door was flung open. A young woman, stern and care-worn in her comeliness, stood upon the threshold with a musket in one hand, the other thrusting back a tiny child.

"You are too young to be very wicked, and the danger which threatens us threatens you," she said, slowly. "We are the 'widow and the fatherless,' who share with you such shelter as we have, for so long or so short a time as the Lord God decides."

Then the two stepped swiftly to the side of Lawrence, lying long and still in the moonlight.

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"We will get him to bed," the woman said; and the next instant she was carrying the greater share of his weight, although Nicholas did his exhausted utmost to aid.

Inside the cabin a large room, with a wide chimney in the midst, was dimly shown by the light of a single guttering candle, and Lawrence was laid on a bed at the farther side of it.

"Refresh yourself with milk and corn bread from the cupboard, while I tend your comrade," she bade Nicholas.

When he returned at last to the bedside, Lawrence, revived, rebandaged, and clad in a clean shirt, smiled complete contentment at sight of him.

"We have found an angel to care for me," he murmured. "But to praise Mistress Mowbray's care is no slur to thine. He would have been close to Cumberland with Dunbar's troops by this time, but he stayed to defend me when I ran mad in the forest," he added to their hostess.

"He may have to defend more than you, sir, presently," she said, gravely. "An Indian skulked about the clearing just after sunset. So please you sleep, and let him sleep while there is quiet."

The tired boy slept so soundly that five hours later a vigorous shaking was required to rouse him.

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A NAKED SAVAGE SPRANG INTO THE ROOM.

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"Indians!" he cried, feeling for his musket.

"Aye, Indians outside," said Mrs. Mowbray.

"I'm ready," said Nicholas, quietly.

"Take this loophole by the back door. I'll take the front. There are half a dozen on this side, along the edge of the clearing. What see you?"

Nicholas at first saw nothing, but as his eyes grew used to the dim dawn he perceived creeping figures close to the cabin. His answer was to aim deliberately and fire.

"I doubt I did not kill him!" he grumbled. "Can you shoot straight, mistress?"

Her musket answered promptly, and through the yells which followed she announced calmly that they had one enemy the less.

But the savages were equally good marksmen, and provided with the best weapons of that generation by their French allies.

A ball struck the frame of Nicholas's loophole. A second flew through the other loophole, tearing Mistress Mowbray's cap, and a third hit the wall above a trundle-bed, where the elder child sat up with a scream of fright.

"Thou art not hurt, my sweet!" his mother cried, deserting her post to fondle him and drag the bed into a more sheltered position. "Lie still, as thy mammy bids thee."

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"Stay with your children, mistress. I will defend your loophole!" Lawrence exclaimed, awake at last and springing from the bed.

"Your hand is not steady and we have no powder or ball to spare," she answered firmly, as she took down two more muskets from the chimney. "These are ready for use, and you shall reload the others while we empty them."

A curious sound of scrambling made itself heard at a side of the cabin invisible from either loophole; and the woman guessed its meaning. "They are climbing to the roof by the lean-to, where the beasts are stalled!" she cried. "They will come upon us by the chimney, for there is no fire in it."

"There shall be a fire before they reach it!" Lawrence declared, giving her a reloaded musket. He dragged two huge feather mattresses from the bed, slashed them open, and flinging them upon the wide hearth, touched a flaring candle to their contents in a dozen places, whence at each touch smoke and flame rushed up the chimney.

None too soon! For as the blaze gathered its first fierceness a naked savage, already half-down the chimney, pushed through the flames, and sprang spluttering into the room.

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"Back to your loopholes!" Lawrence shouted, as Nicholas and Mistress Mowbray ran to his help; and snatching up a log, he felled the dazed Indian at a blow.

The feather beds burned furiously, and their suffocating smoke blocked the chimney as effectively as their flames, which Lawrence fed presently with the mattress on which Nicholas had slept, and the pallet from the trundle-bed whence Mistress Mowbray caught her children. Then he added logs from the wood-pile.

During ten minutes more, while the fire raged, the defenders listened to the trampling of heavy feet on the roof, and to yells of baffled fury.

Then Nicholas, at his loophole, shouted, "They are going!"

Shouting and shooting a futile defiance when they reached the edge of the clearing, they vanished — leaving a great stillness.

Then Lawrence sank down beside the chimney, his shirt drenched with blood from his wound. The bandages had been loosened by his exertions. Deftly Mistress Mowbray cared for him, while Nicholas moved from one loophole to the other.

Two hours later Nicholas, a bucket in one hand, his musket in the other, had gone to the

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stream. There he heard cautious footsteps through the underbrush.

Then an anxious white face peered from the thicket. Shouting, "A friend!" Nicholas sprang to meet the newcomer, the neighbor whose help had been promised to Mistress Mowbray when her corn-field was ready to harvest.

This man, Jacob Brown, with his family and that of a near-by settler, had started for Fort Cumberland, intending to seek Mistress Mowbray on the road.

Within a half-hour they were all off together. Mistress Mowbray and her babies crowded with the other women and children into one wagon, before which rode Lawrence and one of the settlers, while Brown, Nicholas, and a couple of boys younger than himself brought up the rear.

Nicholas and Lawrence and their companions made their way without further adventure. At Fort Cumberland the two lads were welcomed by their comrades of Dunbar's troops as if risen from the dead.

ELLEN MACKUBIN.

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THE COLONIES ALERT.

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GLANCING AT DOROTHY'S UPTURNED LISTENING FACE.

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TWO HISTORIC LANDMARKS.

THE tourist, travelling along the northern shore of Portsmouth harbor in the electric car that runs to York, passes through one of the most ancient parishes in the country. At a sharp bend in the road, facing the waters of the lower harbor, stands the Kittery Congregational Meeting-House, the oldest church building in Maine.

Here worshiped Sir William Pepperrell, the hero of Louisburg, and the only American ever knighted by the English crown. Whoever attends the communion service in this church receives the Lord's Supper from a service that has been in use since Pepperrell's day. Upon the big two-handled silver cups are inscribed these words:

The Gift of the
Hon'ble Wm. Pepperrell Esqr.
To the First Church of Christ in Kittery,
1733.

"Hon'ble Wm. Pepperrell Esqr." was the father of the baronet. The gift was made in the form of a bequest to the parish.

About a hundred feet to the rear of the

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church building is the ancient parsonage, built in 1729. During a visit in Portsmouth, George Washington one day dropped down the harbor to Kittery Point, made his way up across the parish green to this very house, and called upon Dr. Benjamin Stevens, a graduate of Harvard, the faithful minister for forty years at Kittery Point.

Within this old house is an interesting old library. Many of the books were Pepperrell's. Volume after volume contains the Pepperrell coat of arms and the baronet's autograph. Sir William bequeathed the collection to Doctor Stevens.

COAT OF ARMS OF

At that time there was no library like it for miles around. For a time the books were kept alternately at Kittery and York, and were used as a circulating library; but they gradually fell into disuse, and at last were left permanently in the Kittery Point parish, where they logically belong. They are simply heirlooms and curiosities now. On the fly-leaf of one of the bulkiest of the volumes is the name Joshua

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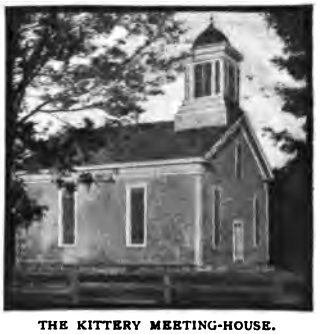
Moody. This is of particular interest, because it is the autograph of the first minister of the first church in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In 1684 Mr. Moody was honored by an invitation to the presidency of Harvard College, but declined the call. Eight years afterward, in 1692, he was imprisoned by command of the lieutenant-governor, and later banished from the province.



THE KITTERY MEETING-HOUSE.

The twelfth name in the first column of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is that of William Whipple. In his public life as a patriot and a distinguished citizen, Mr. Whipple hailed from New Hampshire. He was a merchant in Portsmouth; a member of the New Hampshire Provincial Congress; one of New Hampshire's representatives in the memorable Continental Congress of 1776; a brigadier-general of New Hampshire troops; and after the Revolution a judge of the Superior Court in the Granite State.

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He was born in Kittery, Maine, January 14, 1730, in a dwelling even then of historical note. In earlier days it had been a garrison-house, many times unsuccessfully attacked by the Indians. It is in a sightly location on the edge of the water, close by a portion of the harbor known as Whipple Cove. The front of the house looks as it did in General Whipple's time. The room in which he was born is a sunny chamber, with great hewn timbers in the corners and overhead. The neatly painted floor is made of boards almost two feet wide. Over the bed in the room is a patchwork comforter made of bits from the dresses of famous American women. One piece, a shade of buff, came from a gown of Lady Washington.

Wm Whipple

Although the Whipple furniture disappeared long ago, many antiquities have replaced it. Comb-back chairs, old mahogany tables, an ancient melodeon and other time-honored things are seen on all sides.

William Whipple early followed the sea, going

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out from Kittery and becoming captain of a merchantman before he was twenty-one years old. He traded in the West Indies, and made voyages to Africa for slaves. Some of these he kept in the Kittery household. One, named Dustin, was buried on the Whipple farm by the side of a tiny body of water, which has since been known as Dustin Pond.

Prince, another negro brought from Africa, was for long years a faithful servant in the general's home. According to tradition, he attended his master on the expedition against Burgoyne. When Prince was told that he would be expected to behave courageously and fight bravely, should the soldiers be called into action, he replied, "Sir, I have no inducement to fight; but if I had my liberty, I would endeavor to defend it to the last drop of my blood." General Whipple immediately freed the slave.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF WM. WHIPPLE.

CLARENCE P. EMERY.

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ELIZABETH'S CHOICE.

THE parish of St. Andrew, like other loyal parishes in the province of South Carolina, was in a flutter of pleasant anticipation on the afternoon of November 9, 1753. Preparations were everywhere in hand for the celebration, on the morrow, of the birthday of His Majesty, George II, King of England and of the North American colonies.

At Charlton Manor, an added note of excitement lay in the fact that on the morrow, also, young Christopher, the only son of Squire Christopher Charlton, would attain his majority.

All day a swarm of negro servants, under the direction of Mistress Elizabeth Charlton, had been busy hanging garlands of evergreen, goldenrod and autumn leaves upon the walls, waxing and polishing the floors of the great hall, decking the dozen or more guest-chambers, and furbishing silver, brass and pewter, against Master Kit's birthday ball, to which the whole countryside was bidden.

A little before sunset Mistress Elizabeth came out upon the white-pillared front piazza of the manor house, a stately building with wide

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galleries, dormered roofs and square chimneys, which stood on slightly rising ground that sloped gently down to the Ashley River.

The girl could see, across the house yard with its embowering trees and vine-hung summer-houses, the wide stream and the great deer park beyond it, flanked with apple and peach orchards. As she stood looking about her a hand plucked at her dress.

"Vulcan!" she cried. "What do you want?"

The intruder, a ten-year-old boy, black and solemn, hung his head as he replied, "Hit's mammy agin, li'l' miss. She tuk bad wid fever."

Betty immediately started along the familiar way to the quarters. It was the duty of every mistress of a plantation to look personally after sick slaves, carrying medicines, unguents and brews, oftentimes to take upon herself literally the offices of both surgeon and nurse.

The girl's pretty face grew sober as she stepped into the whitewashed cabin and approached the bed whereon Vulcan's mother lay stretched, with closed eyes and tossing arms.

"Juno?" she queried, gently.

The woman, tall and majestic-looking, sat up, her ebon face lighting with pleasure.

"Li'l' miss!" she breathed, in an ecstasy.

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Then a torrent of words poured from her parched lips. Betty, listening intelligently, put the uncouth jargon into English to herself.

"Little mistress," said Juno, "I want to buy my freedom. Old marster is a good marster. He takes care of his black people. They do not mind being slaves, those others. What were they but slaves in Africa? Some of them were even my own slaves! But I am not like them. I have not the heart of a slave. I have a good home, but I am proud. I want to be free once more before I die. I am not afraid to work. I will work from sunrise to sunset for old marster; and I will work to buy myself and my boy. It will take a long time, but I will not die until I can die free. A princess should not be a slave, little mistress. But I, the Princess Matsoo-la, have been a slave for ten years. You know!"

Yes, Elizabeth knew. Her own eyes overflowed as she went back to the great house. There the state coach, drawn by four gray horses, waited at the front piazza. The squire, bound for a rout at a neighboring plantation, had his foot already on the carriage step. He greeted his pretty daughter affectionately.

"And mind, Betty," he concluded, "you are to

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keep these roses fresh for Kit's ball." He tapped her cheek with a gay forefinger and turned to go.

"Papa," she clutched at his lace ruffles, "wait, please! I—I want to speak to you."

"Well, minx, what bauble is it? Brooch? Bracelet? Belt-buckle —"

"Papa," she broke in, desperately, "I—I—Juno wants to buy her freedom —"

"Elizabeth!" Ah, now Betty knew the squire was angry! "I have forbidden you to speak to me of Juno. Attend you to your own affairs, girl, and I will attend to mine." He stepped into the coach, and was driven rapidly away.

"O dear!" sobbed Mistress Elizabeth, feeling very unlike the lady of a manor. But her tears were checked by the appearance of Mr. Hugh Posthlewaite, her brother's tutor.

"Mistress Elizabeth," the old gentleman began with courtly deliberation, "Master Christopher hath broken his arm and desires your presence —" But Betty was half-way up the stair.

"'Tis a trifle and the bones are set," said Kit. "'Twas not the fault of Juniper Third. I deserved the tumble I got for being off my guard when he shied. Don't go a-crying, sis. I shall be able to drink the royal health to-morrow night, and shall step the minuet without tripping!

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But, O Betty," he groaned, "'tis my bridle arm, and — and knocks Juniper out of the race!"

"Kit!" ejaculated Betty, horrified.

"Father has not heard yet; his heart is set on Juniper Third winning the cup!"

GEN. FRANCIS MARION.

"Is there no one—"

"Not a soul in St. Andrew's parish could ride Juniper — except Francis Marion —"

"The plowboy!" sniffed Mr. Posthlewaite.

"Plowboy or no, Francis Marion is the finest gentleman I know, after my father—saving your presence, Mr. Posthlewaite. But he has entered his mare Cherokee for the race," concluded the lad, and lapsed into brooding silence.

"Cup or no cup, you will be sailing for England on the *Well Wisher* next week. Lucky Kit!" and Betty sighed, for England, that unseen, far-away, wonderful home of her father's people, was the goal of her sleeping and waking dreams.

The St. Andrew's race-course presented an animated spectacle the next afternoon. There

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had been during the morning many contests, for the royal birthday had brought together wrestlers, boxers, runners, fiddlers, dancers and ballad-singers from all over the parish. Now the huge crowd swarmed from the eating-booths to see the gentleman's race.

A pang darted through Kit Charlton's heart as he saw the horses coming up from the sheds. Suddenly his keen eye detected among them the graceful, upthrown head of Juniper Third. His own body-servant, Jerry, was leading the beautiful, silken-coated bay. The squire had also seen. He sprang up, roaring, "What do you mean, you black rascal! Take that horse home instantly, or I'll —"

"Stay where you are, Jerry!" The interruption came from Mistress Elizabeth Charlton, who stepped forth from a bevy of young women. "If you please, Squire Charlton," she continued, lifting a rosy face to the astonished judges, "I am going to ride Juniper Third."

Kit started forward; the squire stared down at his daughter with a frown, which changed presently to a broad grin. He slapped his knee with a delighted hand. "The girl can do it! Bring in Juniper Third for the cup, Betty, and you shall have anything you ask for."

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There were six entries for the race—four of the gentlemen riders boasting the bluest blood of the province in their veins. But whose blood was bluer than Betty's own? When the fifth rider drew his horse, a dainty, slender-limbed black mare, alongside Juniper Third, Betty cried gaily, "A fair field and no favor, Mr. Marion!"

For the fifth rider was that Francis Marion of whom Mr. Posthlewaite had spoken so contemptuously. The man to be one day so famous in the Indian and Revolutionary wars of his country, the "Swamp Fox" of future history, was at this time just turned twenty-one. His rather delicate face, with its open brow, sensitive mouth and deep, luminous eyes, was of a winsomeness which has passed into a proverb—"perfect ideal of a true knight and Christian gentleman."

"Have a care, Mistress Elizabeth," he urged. "Juniper has a wayward temper."

"Don't ride, Betty!" implored Kit, pressing to the edge of the track.

Betty's answer to both was a firmer grasp on her bridle-rein, for just then the signal was given.

Squire Charlton stood up, wondering what madness had possessed him to permit a thing so beyond reason, and praying that Betty might come to no harm. Kit, mounted on a shed,

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followed with sparkling eyes her cap and feather whirling round the track.

He saw Juniper draw ahead of all competitors except Marion's Cherokee. He cheered lustily. But all at once he gasped. The whitewashed post at the three-quarter turn, where Juniper had shied the day before! If he should shy again!

But alarm had not caught him only; Marion, leading the race by a full length, had seen the post ahead, staring white.

Quick as thought he dropped back and seized Betty's bridle just as the flying animal stiffened for a sidewise spring. Juniper was steadied under his powerful grasp, then, released, leaped on reassured. Betty, gazing straight ahead, remained unconscious alike of danger and of the steadying hand.

Thus, say the old Carolina chronicles, Francis Marion saved a life and lost a race. For the slender nose of Juniper Third shot under the rope, neck and shoulders ahead of Cherokee.

A wild burst of applause greeted the winner of the race as she flew on, then turned and drew bridle in front of the judges' stand.

The squire, relieved of self-reproach, shouted his throat hoarse in triumph, and when Betty, dropping from the saddle, stood courtesying

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before him he took the parish to witness that the girl should have anything she wanted, short of Charlton Manor itself!

"You will choose to-night after the royal health," he said, looking fondly down at her.

"And you will choose England," said Marion.

"England? Yes, oh, yes!" she cried.

"I feared Juniper might shy where I got my tumble," said Kit, still thinking of the risk.

"Why, no!" Betty returned, not knowing until long afterward why Juniper did not shy.

The state dinner over that night, the guests assembled in the great hall. Here was a brilliant throng — county magnates, city dignitaries, for many of these had driven over from Charleston, stately dames, powdered gallants and gay spinsters. The immense hall was lighted by innumerable candles made from the wax berry. At one end of the room the squire was seated in an armchair in semiroyal state. He held aloft the great Charlton drinking-horn handed down from a remote ancestor. Serving-men, passing in and out among the guests with tankard and decanter, had charged all goblets.

The squire rose, and in a loud voice gave "His Majesty, the King!" which was drunk in

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a respectful silence. "The health of His Excellency, the Governor of South Carolina," proceeded the squire, loyally.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel Ludwell of the Royal Dragoons, "I give you the health of Master Christopher Charlton, born by good luck on the forty-ninth anniversary of his blessed majesty."

KING GEORGE II.

Thereupon there was a rousing cheer for Kit, very brave and handsome in his silk coat, flowered waistcoat, powder, ribbons and lace.

The squire reseated himself, and beckoned with his hand to Betty, who stood at the lower end of the hall, surrounded by an eager circle. Her blue eyes were shining, but her mouth quivered as she stepped forward and bent low before her father; she opened her lips to speak, but the squire forestalled her.

"No need to ask, my little jockey," he laughed. "I know right well what 'tis you long for."

He took a folded paper from his breast pocket

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and handed it to her. She unfolded the official-looking document mechanically. It was, as she expected, a playfully worded

Leave of Absence for Mistress Elizabeth Charlton for One Year from Charlton Manor; said Year to be spent in England. In Token of the Winning of a Cup by Riding Juniper Third. And for faithful service on said Manor.
(Signed) Christopher Charlton.

The girl's eyes filled as she read, her lips trembled, the color forsook her cheek.

"Your honor," she said, refolding the paper, "if I might choose —"

"What!" interrupted the squire, vexed and amazed. "Do you mean to say —"

"If I might choose," repeated Betty, in a steady voice.

The squire reached out for the paper, and tore it into bits. "You can choose, of course, for my word is passed. But whatever you choose, you get that and that only."

"I know, your honor," said Betty, and her head went up proudly, like to the squire's own.

"Well?" said the squire. The guests pressed forward, curious to hear.

"I will have," said Betty, "the freedom of the slave woman, Juno."

Absolute silence reigned in the great hall.

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"YOU ARE A GOOD CHILD, ELIZABETH."

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The girl, from under her long lashes, stole a glance around. On the faces of most of those present she read surprise or incredulity; some expressed amusement, two or three indulgent contempt. Kit's frightened eyes were fastened on his father's face. But one pair of luminous eyes, from an obscure corner, shone approval and strengthened her courage.

As for the squire, his face had gone from crimson to purple; his lips tightened as if to keep back the rage that surged up, demanding speech. But his brow gradually cleared, his eyes softened; he turned to Mr. Posthlewaite, who stood near, and said in a loud tone:

"You will see that notice is given at once to the governor and council of my intention to manumit my slave woman called Juno —"

"O father!" cried Betty.

"And her son, known as Vulcan."

Betty sank involuntarily on her knees. Her father lifted her gently. "You are a good child, Elizabeth," he said, solemnly, laying his hand on her shoulder.

There was a great clapping of hands, provoked more, it must be confessed, by the girl's wonderful beauty, than by her act of self-sacrifice.

The fiddlers were tuning for the minuet; and

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Mistress Elizabeth, though besieged with invitations for the opening dance, walked smiling away to where a certain plowboy was standing.

"The minuet, I believe, is Mr. Marion's," she said, adding in a low tone, "though he hath not asked for it."

Marion's dress, less glittering than some, was yet well-chosen and becoming, and the pair, taking their places, made not an ill match for Kit and his partner.

"So, Mistress Elizabeth," said Marion, in one of the pauses of the stately minuet, "you have lost England!"

"I have Juno's freedom," Betty returned.

"But dearly bought!" he suggested, when, after a turn, they paused again.

"Nay, Master Francis!" She courtesied to the music. "Look at me well, Master Francis! You see the happiest girl in the Carolinas."

"And I, Mistress Elizabeth," he bent his powdered head to a slow, soft strain of the dance, "I,"—he blushed and trembled, he who later trembled before neither Indian nor Redcoat, but his voice was steady,—"I am the proudest man in his majesty's colonies!"

M. E. M. Davis.

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THE CATAMOUNT TAVERN.

IN the year 1871 one of the most notable buildings connected with the early history of Vermont was burned in the village of Bennington.

It was the famous Catamount Tavern House, a wooden edifice erected more than a hundred years before its day of doom by Capt. Stephen Fay, one of the most enterprising and public-spirited of the early settlers in the New Hampshire Grants, as Vermont was called before the Revolution.

This edifice was built for a house of entertainment for travellers, and for the immigrants who flocked into the region from New England.

It was about forty feet square, two stories in height, with a large hall, called council-room, for the use of the people in public gatherings, law courts, dancing assemblies, and meetings of committees for consultation, public and private.

Such meetings were frequent there during the later period of the famous quarrel of twenty-six years' duration between the authorities of New York and the settlers on the Grants.

The controversy arose in this wise: By virtue of the charter granted to the Duke of York in

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1664, the province of New York claimed territorial jurisdiction eastward to the Connecticut River. Families from New Hampshire settled in the region between that river and Lake Champlain. In 1752 the Governor of New Hampshire began to issue grants to these and other settlers who came afterward. The New Yorkers perceived that the domain was filling with a sturdy, enterprising population, and asserted their legal right to the territory.

New York had relinquished its claim to territory so far eastward as the Connecticut River in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and New Hampshire urged its claim to have a western extent equal to that of the other two provinces, and continued to issue grants to settlers.

The controversy grew warmer and warmer, and in 1764 the government of New York procured a royal decree giving it territorial jurisdiction to the Connecticut River.

The issue of land-grants by New Hampshire now ceased, and the settlers acquiesced; but when the authorities of New York proclaimed that the land-titles of the immigrants on the Grants were void, and proceeded to dispossess the dwellers and dispose of their homes to speculators, stubborn resistance was manifested.

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Sheriffs and their assistants who came to seize and sell the property of the settlers, which had been paid for and improved, met resolute armed defenders of their rights and were driven off.

ABOVE A JEERING CROWD.

Committees of safety assumed judicial powers and tried and punished intruders from without and offenders within. For several years the Grants bore the aspects of civil war, excepting that of actual carnage.

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It was while this quarrel was hotly raging that Captain Fay built his tavern. He was a zealous supporter of the oppressed settlers. In front of his house he erected a tall sign-post; and twenty-five feet from the ground he hung upon it a large sign, which was surmounted by the stuffed skin of a catamount or wildcat. Its fierce visage, showing its teeth, was turned toward New York, at which it grinned perpetual defiance. This gave the name to the tavern.

Ethan Allen, the stalwart champion of right and justice, with a big heart and honest purpose, had come from Connecticut a few years before this tavern was built, and cast his lot among the settlers in the Grants. He espoused their cause, and soon became their trusted leader in sharp contests with the hated Yorkers. He trained a band of young settlers and called them Green Mountain Boys. They became conspicuous in our national history.

When the Catamount Tavern was built, Allen made it his home and the headquarters of his administration as a virtual dictator during stirring political periods. Out of the council-room went orders for the assembling of his forces, civil and military. Before him as chairman of a committee of safety offenders were brought,

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tried, condemned and received sentences from his lips, sometimes of banishment from the territory, sometimes of imprisonment, and frequently scourging with the "twigs of the wilderness." A prominent doctor who made himself obnoxious by persistent sympathy with the Yorkers suffered only the indignity of being suspended in an armchair for two hours from the tavern sign, above a jeering crowd.

THE COUNCIL-ROOM.

When Tryon was royal governor of New York in 1777, he offered twenty pounds each for the arrest of Ethan Allen, Remember Baker and Robert Cochran, because of their "riotous conduct in opposing the measures of the New York government."

These three "outlaws" and their friends had a jolly time of it at the Catamount Tavern over the matter, and out from the council-room went a counter proclamation, offering fifteen pounds for the arrest of James Duane and ten pounds

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for John Kemp, New York land speculators, styling them "the common disturbers of the public peace." The rewards were to be paid on the delivery of the culprits at "Landlord Fay's at Bennington." It was signed by Ethan Allen, Remember Baker and Robert Cochran.

The breaking out of the war for independence suspended the intercolonial quarrel. Allen was appointed colonel of local forces. He was sojourning at the Catamount Tavern in the spring of 1775, when all New England was aroused by the tocsin sounded at Lexington. He had espoused the cause of the patriots, and his loyal Green Mountain Boys had increased in numbers to a large multitude.

From the council-room of the Catamount, after a consultation with a committee, Allen issued an order on May 3d, mustering the Green Mountain Boys at Bennington to make an attempt to capture the British forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point, on Lake Champlain. Allen led them on that expedition, which resulted in the surrender of the former stronghold to the Americans, on his demand in the name of the "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

BENSON J. LOSSING.

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THE MIDDLE PLANTATION.

WILLIAMSBURG, the oldest incorporated town in Virginia, was settled in 1632, and was known as "The Middle Plantation," being half-way between the James and York rivers. It became the capital of Virginia in 1678.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century a college was established by a charter, by the joint sovereigns, William and Mary, with endowments of twenty thousand acres of land and the receipts from certain customs duties.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century the colonial governor laid out a city there and gave it the title of Williamsburg. It lies on a ridge at the head springs of two creeks, one of which flows into the James and the other into the York River. Each is navigable to within a mile of the town. A capitol and a palace for the governor were built, and a church was erected, the finest then in America.

Population increased rapidly. It became a market-town, the residence of opulent planters. "Here," wrote Rev. Owen Jones, a Welsh ancestor of Martha Washington, "dwell several good

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families. They live in the same neat manner, dress after the same modes, and behave themselves exactly as the gentry of London; most families of note having a coach, chariot, or chaise."

THE OLD CHURCH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

The city was the residence of the colonial viceregal court, and during the sessions of the legislature it became a theater of great social enjoyment and gaiety. To that court and society the pretty, bright and amiable Martha Dandridge, afterward Martha Washington, was introduced at the age of fifteen years.

The transient visitors at the capital, especially

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those who caused the periodical overflow at the annual sessions of the legislature, required a public house of entertainment. At about 1710, when Spotiswood was governor, a spacious inn was built, at his suggestion and with his aid.

It was named in honor of the famous knight and courtier of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Raleigh Tavern. It was constructed of wood, in the form of an L. Like nearly every other edifice in that little city, it stood alone, with gardens between it and its neighbors.

The Raleigh Tavern was a story and a half high, the upper portion lighted by numerous dormer windows that pierced a sloping roof. Over the front porch was a leaden bust of Raleigh. In the portion of the building which extended back from the street was a large apartment called the Apollo room. It was lighted by six large windows, and was handsomely wainscoted. At the period of the Revolution, a large square lantern made of iron and glass, and furnished with candles, was suspended from the center of the ceiling, while at intervals round the sides of the room were several candelabra with small mirrors for reflections.

The Apollo room was devoted to public gatherings of every kind. During the gay season

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it was used as an assembly-room for dancing, and in it might be seen the most eminent representatives of titles, wealth and beauty of the colonial society of the Old Dominion, especially during the long administration of Governor Sir William Gooch (1727–1749).

Then the viceregal court of Virginia was the most brilliant on the continent; for much of the stately etiquette and conventional formality of the cavalier element still prevailed at the capital, and the great landholders vied with each other in their display of equipages, dress and retinues.

When the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures were put in operation by the British ministry, the English-American colonists were aroused to persistent opposition, and the voices of Patrick Henry and other patriots were sounding an alarm in the legislative hall of the old Capitol near the Raleigh Tavern.

Almost daily conferences were held in the Apollo room, at which measures were devised that, in a quiet way, often effected more salutary results than the most eloquent declamations.

It was in that room that young Thomas Jefferson and two or three others prepared those counter-resolutions and addresses in opposition to those of the British Parliament,

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in the spring of 1769. They were promptly adopted by the Virginia House of Burgesses or Assembly, and produced a crisis.

This act caused the royal governor to dissolve the Assembly. The members met the next day in the Apollo room, formed themselves into a Voluntary Convention, drew up articles of

THE RALEIGH TAVERN.

opposition against the use of any merchandise imported from Great Britain, signed and recommended them, and then repaired to their respective districts.

They were all reëlected except those who had declined to countenance the proceedings of the majority. This was incipient rebellion; and similar acts in that room from time to time afterward made the Raleigh Tavern to Virginia, relatively, what Faneuil Hall is to Massachusetts.

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Virginia kept pace with Massachusetts in the adoption of revolutionary measures. Her voice was always quick to express sympathy with that generous sister in her struggles against inflictions of British power during the hot ten years' quarrel between the Americans and the imperial government, before they came to blows.

When, in the spring of 1773, the Virginia Assembly received copies of an address issued by the Assembly of Massachusetts, in which the sore grievances of that province were set forth, they promptly declared their concurrence with their New England brethren. Peyton Randolph, Thomas Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee and others urged immediate and bold action.

A committee of correspondence was nominated the same evening, at a private conference held by the members at the Raleigh Tavern, when strong resolutions were drawn up.

They were presented to the Assembly the next day and adopted, and the committee was appointed, with instructions to obtain trustworthy intelligence of all such acts of Parliament or the ministry as might affect the rights of the colonies. The committee was also authorized to open a correspondence and communication with similar committees of the other colonies.

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The royal governor of Virginia at that time was Lord Dunmore, a Scotch nobleman. When he heard of the proceedings of the Assembly he hastened to their chamber. At that moment they were about to adopt other resolutions equally unsubmissive to royal rule, when the governor, with a loud voice, and haughty demeanor, proclaimed the Assembly dissolved.

The next day the committee of correspondence met at the Raleigh Tavern and despatched to the Speakers of the several provincial Assemblies a circular letter containing patriotic resolutions. Cordial responses came back.

So, through documents sent out from the Raleigh Tavern, was formed the first sound link of the chain that united a confederacy which gave birth to a great nation.

When, in the early summer of 1774, the British government declared its intention to punish the inhabitants of Boston for the destruction of tea in their harbor, by closing that port to commerce, the Virginia Assembly passed strong resolutions of condolence, and appointed a day to be observed as a fast. The offended governor, by verbal proclamation, dissolved the Assembly.

Eighty-nine of the members, among whom was George Washington, met in the Apollo

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room on the following day, organized themselves into a Provincial Convention, prepared an address to their constituents, in which they declared that an attack upon one colony was an attack upon all, and recommended the assembling of representatives of all the colonies.

THE APOLLO ROOM.

This recommendation was immediately sent forth by couriers despatched from the Raleigh Tavern. It was heartily commended by all the colonies excepting Georgia.

Twenty-five of the members of the convention remained at Williamsburg to participate in the religious observances of the appointed fast-day. They issued a circular to all the burgesses, or members of the Assembly, recommending a meeting of the whole body at the Raleigh Tavern, on the first day of August next ensuing.

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Eighty of the members who formed the convention in the Raleigh were present at the appointed time. They adopted resolutions to import no more slaves, nor British goods, nor tea; and resolved that if their grievances were not speedily redressed, to export no more tobacco.

They recommended the cultivation of other articles of husbandry; the improvement of the breed of sheep, and the multiplying of their numbers. On August 5th they chose delegates to represent Virginia in the Continental Congress which was to meet at Philadelphia on September 5th. They then adjourned, after each had pledged himself to do all in his power to effect the results contemplated in their proceedings.

During the war that soon broke out the Raleigh Tavern and its Apollo room were frequently the meeting-place of civil and military officials of Virginia when they were at the capital, and there the final arrangements for the Siege of Yorktown were made by Washington and Rochambeau, in September, 1781.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

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THE LITTLE REBEL

DOROTHY was going to her first party. Dressed in her fine white muslin, with silk fan and red merino cloak, she stood listening to her father's earnest words.

He was a Boston gentleman who from the first ranged himself with those who protested against the exactions of the British crown. His acquaintance was largely with the aristocracy of the country, who were mostly Tories.

And now his daughter was going to the birthday party of her dear friend, the daughter of the king-loving Robert Jennifer, and he feared that she would be tempted to assent to the royal sentiments expressed among the gaieties of the evening.

He tried not to be too serious in his last words of caution: "Well, Dorothy, don't let these king-loving folk make you disloyal to the cause of liberty and justice."

"Never fear, father. No king-loving folk could make me disloyal," answered Dorothy, laughing brightly, not thinking how soon the test would come, nor how severe would be the strain.

The sounds of the harp and viol proclaimed

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that the dancers were in full swing when Dorothy alighted at the Jennifers' door, but a cordial greeting from her hostess, and a pleasant and admiring nod here and there from one and another of the guests, put her at ease, and very soon she found herself tripping the light or stately measures with the best of them.

In those days dancing was not the only amusement that young people indulged in at an evening party. Frolicsome games were greatly the fashion, and after a contra-dance little Betty Jennifer proposed that they should play "King George's Troops." It is a pretty game, with its procession that passes along under the arch of two of the company's clasped and lifted hands, these two singing:

"Open the gates as high as the sky,
To let King George's troops pass by."

There is a forfeit to pay by those whom the keepers of the gate succeed in catching with a sudden downward swoop of the hands as they pass under, and great amusement ensues when some captive is set to performing some droll penance or ridiculous task.

Dorothy had played the game hundreds of times, and was very expert in eluding the most wary of keepers. Her dexterity was soon

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apparent to the people about her, especially to Carroll Jennifer and Jervis Langton, who were the gate-keepers on this occasion.

At last a heedless misstep on the part of the

TRIPPING THE STATELY MEASURES.

one who preceded Dorothy brought an instant delay, of which the gate-keepers took advantage. Dorothy had seen the misstep, and bending

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low, sprang forward with renewed celerity. But the sharpened wits of the gate-keepers made them more than a match for her, and swoop! there she was, caught and held fast!

There was a general shout of victory, then a general rushing forward to see this hard-won captive and know her forfeit-fate.

"Ah, my little soldier!" cried Carroll Jennifer, with a gay laugh. "You see that when King George's officers stand at the gate, they stand there to win. All his troops must obey his commanding officers."

Suddenly across Dorothy's mind flashed her father's last words, and she wanted to cry out, "I'm not one of King George's loyal troops! I'm a rebel!"

But the feeling of shyness came over her, and she thought, "How foolish for me to say a thing of that kind in the midst of a play like this!"

Somebody else, however, was not held back by this shyness, for a voice cried, "Ah! but Mistress Dorothy has been taught to flout at King George and his officers, and even though she be one of his soldiers, I dare say she is in secret a little rebel, who has been planning and plotting to escape you."

Carroll Jennifer had just returned from a long

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visit abroad, and did not know about the loyalty of his family's friends. He saw that the pretty captive was blushing with a troubled distress, and he came to her rescue. Looking down with the sweetest of kind smiles on his winning face, he exclaimed, "Mistress Dorothy couldn't be a rebel in my father's house!"

The bright color fled from Dorothy's cheeks and she felt for the moment like a little traitor for being where she was. Then Jervis Langton took up Carroll's words, and went on in such a glowing and eloquent fashion about keeping faith, and being true to one's old home, and the king being father of his subjects, that Dorothy was quite bewildered.

She was made to feel that these king-loving folk had a high, enthusiastic sense of king and country, and what they owed to both.

Carroll Jennifer, glancing at Dorothy's upturned listening face, recalled his duty as host, and breaking in upon the talk, said smilingly:

"But the forfeit, Mistress Dorothy, let us see to that. Ah, by the king's realm, I have it! You shall repeat after me the renunciation of all rebellious thoughts, and swear from this night forth to be loyal to the king and his crown.

"Now repeat after me: I renounce from this

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night forth," he paused, glancing at Dorothy with smiling invitation.

Dorothy heard again her father, saying, "Don't let these king-loving folk make you disloyal to the cause of liberty and justice."

She looked up into the kind, admiring eyes that were bent upon her, and round the splendid room at the faces that were now full of pleasant looks for her, but she must not delay; she must take her place where she belonged. With her color deepening, her voice faltering, she repeated, "'I renounce from this night forth—'"

"All seditious and rebellious thoughts—"

"'All seditious and rebellious thoughts—'"

"Against his most gracious majesty, King George the Third—"

"'Against—'" Dorothy paused, a mist passed before her eyes, a shudder of horror thrilled her; then with a sudden uplifting of her head, and a new emphasis to her voice, she cried:

"Against, not his most gracious majesty, King George the Third, but his sorely tried and oppressed people, who are weighed down with the burden of his unjust taxes."

"Dorothy, Dorothy, how dare you under Master Jennifer's loyal roof! Are you not ashamed?" cried out Judith Myles.

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Carroll Jennifer looked from one to another with an awakening sense of the true situation.

"Mistress Dorothy," he presently exclaimed, "have these rebels and malcontents frightened you into this?"

"No — no, I have only been frighted by my own poor spirit just now, into disloyalty to the cause of liberty and justice," she replied.

"There is but one cause, and that is the crown's, and but one disloyalty, and that is to the king!" cried Jervis Langton.

The clamor of voices arose on every hand. It was a storm of Tory talk—vehement protest and assertion and declaration. In the center of it stood Dorothy. She had ceased turning red and white. With her head slightly bent, her arms drooping and her hands clasped together, she looked like a wind-blown lily, bruised and beaten, but not overthrown.

All at once Carroll Jennifer seemed to realize Dorothy's defenseless position. He could not defend her avowed principles, but she was his guest, and he was a gentleman; so he put up his hand with a, "Come, come, we have had enough of this discussion to-night." A nod to the musicians, and the strains of the harp and violin broke in upon the clamor of tongues.

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At another signal a door was thrown open, and beyond could be seen a bountifully spread supper-table, gay with lights, and the shine of silver and glass. Young Mr. Jennifer bowed low, as was the fashion of the time, before Dorothy, with his finest manners, and said, with airy grace: "Will my enemy consent to let a wicked Tory serve her?"

Dorothy shrank back with so dismayed a face that both Carroll and his sister Cynthia felt touched with pity.

"We have been making too much of this," said Cynthia, in an undertone to her brother. "She is a child, after all, who has been showing off a little, and does not know the full meaning of what she has said."

"No, no," cried Dorothy, "I did not say what I did to show off! I spoke because I wanted to be true and honest. I was ashamed at first of—of my friends—of our cause—I was afraid to speak at first—and then, I was ashamed of my cowardice. Oh, I know what I say! You must not take me for what I am not! I am a little rebel to the king's cause. I believe in the people's rights, and not in the crown's, and I ought not to have come here, I ought not to have come!"

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The clear voice faltered and fell, and the next moment poor Dorothy burst into tears.

Then it was that a new voice was heard, a deeper, older voice. It was low-toned, yet very distinct, and there was an odd thrill, a sort of quiver of emotion to it, as it said:

"Come, Mistress Dorothy, rebel or no rebel, you have shown a courage that we may all doff our hats to. I only hope that every king's soldier may prove his truth and loyalty to the king's cause as bravely if he should be beset by temptation. And you, my fine Tories," turning to the young men of the company, "I hope that you will always be able to give your meed of admiration and respect to such kind of courage, wherever you find it.

"Come, Mistress Dorothy, let us go and be served with some of these dainties that are prepared for us; and we will see if a Tory sillibub will not take away the taste of those tears. You are a little rebel and mine enemy, for I am one of the king's stanchest defenders and hope to conquer all rebels, but I am proud to have such a rebel for my guest to-night, I assure you," and Mr. Jennifer bent down his powdered head in a fine obeisance as he offered Dorothy his arm.

NORA PERRY.

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POLLY CALLENDAR.

PREVIOUS to the outbreak of the Revolution the Callendars were Royalists, and General Gage's young British officers, one of whom was related to the Callendars, frequently rode out from Boston to call at the hospitable country house. It was Polly Callendar whom they went to see; her beauty and vivacious wit were the theme of many toasts. And up to the evening of this story Polly was as disdainful of the minutemen as was her mother.

At about noon of that day Madam Callendar was summoned to the bedside of Elizabeth Ballard, a kinswoman living near Natick. She had left her brick oven full of the week's baking, and had set a large brass kettle, filled with redwood dye, on the crane in the great fireplace.

Numerous skeins and hanks of woolen yarn, spun during the previous winter, were immersed in it, and the last warning from Polly's mother was: "Redwood must never be hurried, Polly. Stir often, lass. Press the hanks down hard with your clothes-stick, and then drop in a little of this powdered alum to set the scarlet."

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So through the long, foggy afternoon it was Polly Callendar's homely task to watch the oven and tend the scarlet kettle. But with evening came an unexpected diversion. A knock was heard at the outer door; and when old 'Rastus, the negro servant, had opened it, a tall young man, in provincial garb, inquired how far it was to Boston and what was the road. Learning that the distance was still considerable, he entreated hospitality, saying that having ridden since dawn, he was both tired and wet. Polly at first demurred, but in the end, persuaded somewhat by his respectful manners and handsome face, she sent 'Rastus to stable the horse.

HOW FAR?

She spread a plentiful supper before the wayfarer; and then, because his appearance pleased her, she brewed for him some of her mother's cherished tea, and poured it into one of the delicate china teacups that had come from England.

But the young man ate in silence, notwithstanding these attentions. Truth to say, he was ill at ease. He was on his way to join the minutemen, and he was bringing with him a

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hundred pounds that had been contributed by the patriot committee of his native town. He feared that in some way the redcoats had been given a hint of his mission. Mounted men had stared hard at him that day, and he had thought it wise to avoid a troop patrolling the roads. And now, despite the quality of his supper, he paused to listen anxiously whenever horses' hoofs or voices were heard without. Polly, noticing his uneasiness and marking his blue, colonial homespun, drew her own inferences.

Of a sudden the young man took note of the kettle and its scarlet contents. "That is a bright dye which you have there, mistress," he remarked. "Are you fond of so high a color?"

"In good truth, sir, and why not?" replied Polly. "Have you fault to find with it?"

"I would be a churl if I did," answered the guest, gallantly, "since it is scarcely more pink than the cheeks of my fair hostess. The redcoats must feel flattered at your preference."

"And is it not the hue that all loyal subjects should prefer?" queried Polly, demurely.

"Nay, but I will not gainsay you, mistress," replied the young man. "And yet it is a color soon to fade under our American sun."

"But not from the hearts of the king's loyal

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subjects," retorted Polly. "This is no rebel household, sir. My kinsmen, who were here but yesterday, wear the scarlet and are the king's loyal servants." And saying this she observed that her guest winced.

"Beyond doubt he is one of the patriots," she thought. "But such a handsome youth! Moreover, he is most courteous, and his ways are more gentle than those of Cousin Charles."

As for the stranger, his heart sank afresh. "I will pay for my supper and get on," he thought. "I shall be safer abroad in the darkness than here." As he rose to take leave the tramp of horses was again heard; and this time they pulled up before the house door.

"My kinsmen, it is very like," said Polly, smiling. "They wear sharp swords, sir." Then, as she noted the hunted look which the young man cast about the room, her manner changed. "Is it that you would not like to meet them, sir?" she asked, in a low tone.

As she spoke there came an imperative rap at the door, and a cry of, "Open in the king's name!"

"For heaven's sake show me a way out!" cried the stranger. "It is less that I fear their swords, but I am on a mission of importance."

"Open, madam! Open, Polly! It is I,

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your cousin Charles; and they say there is a rascally rebel here!" cried the voice outside. "But we have the house surrounded."

Polly had turned toward a rear door, but hearing these last words, darted to the center of the room again. For an instant she was at a loss. Then her eyes fell on the door of her mother's storeroom, a closet beside the large chimney, which it was Madam Callendar's practice to keep locked; but in the haste of departing, she had forgotten to take the key.

"Here, sir," Polly whispered. "Quick, be quick!" and she unlocked the door, half-pushed the man within, and hastily turning the key again, put it in her pocket.

"Open!" cried the voices outside. "Open in the king's name!" and the raps were repeated.

"Coming, good sirs, coming!" cried Polly. Then her eye fell on the young patriot's great-coat, lying across a back of the chair. If seen, that would betray all. She snatched it up and plunged it into the great kettle of scarlet dye. Then, throwing the door open and courtesying low, as was the custom of those days, she cried, "Good evening, Cousin Charles! Welcome, good gentlemen; my mother has gone to Natick; nevertheless, you are right welcome."

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"Aye!" grumbled the young officer. "After my knuckles are skinned with knocking. But prithee, Polly, have you seen naught of this insolent knave?"

"Indeed, Cousin Charles, this is but a sorry jest!" exclaimed Polly Callendar. "Since when has my family been aught but loyal to the king?"

"True," assented the Briton. "Yet the rascal may be lurking about."

"Enter, then, and see for yourselves!" cried Polly. "My mother would earnestly desire you to purge her house of rebels!"

They came noisily in, peered into nooks and corners, and presently ascended to the attic.

"Do not forget the cellar!" cried Polly, gaily, opening the door and handing her cousin a lighted candle. "Perchance the knave is hiding in some bin or box."

The quest there proved as fruitless as in the chambers; but one of the party noted the closed door by the chimney and tried it. "Why locked?" he exclaimed. "The key, fair mistress!"

"For that you will do well to ask my mother," replied Polly, carelessly. "The closet is my mother's keeping-room; and it is ever her custom to carry the key in her pocket."

"True," remarked her cousin, who knew the

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ways of the household. "The rogue will hardly have got into madam's keeping-room. Doubtless he has slipped away."

"If ever he were here!" flashed back Polly. "But beyond doubt, good cousin and gentlemen, you must be hungry after your hard ride. Will you not partake of our cheer?"

Nothing loath, the young redcoats gathered about the supper-table, where for an hour or more Polly maintained the reputation of the house for loyalty and good entertainment. In truth, the soldiers were slow to depart, and would hardly have gone by nine o'clock had not Polly adroitly reminded her kinsman that the knave they were pursuing would surely get clear away. Thereupon they took leave and rode off with much laughter.

But fearful lest they might return, Polly waited long, listening, and not until old 'Rastus had come in to bar the outer door for the night and close the shutters, would she release her prisoner.

"Come forth, sir!" she at last commanded, with assumed austerity. "What have we here? A rebel, I fear me, from all I am told."

"But one profoundly grateful to his preserver," replied the young man; and to old 'Rastus's great astonishment, he took Mistress Polly's hand and

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gallantly kissed the tips of her fingers, albeit they were tinged with scarlet from her dye.

"Methinks, sir, it but ill becomes me to accept such thanks from one who confesses his disloyalty to King George," Polly replied, still with seeming severity, "and whose name I do not even know. But since you are here, prithee take seat before the fire. For of necessity, sir, I have made a good Royalist of you, so far as your greatcoat covers you. See!" And with the clothes-stick she lifted it out of the kettle. "Not Cousin Charles's own is a brighter scarlet!"

"DON IT, SIR."

The stranger burst into a hearty laugh. "Good faith, I had not thought to wear a scarlet coat!"

"Yet, sir, it may stand you in good stead, as you ride into Boston to-morrow," replied Polly.

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"And now let us powder a little alum in the mortar to set the hue. I would not have thy loyalty wash out, sir, in the first shower that falls on you."

As a consequence, one young patriot found himself powdering alum to dye his own coat scarlet. And midnight came and passed, as he and Polly sat in front of the great brass kettle, and old 'Rastus nodded in the corner.

Beyond doubt they became better acquainted in this time; and Polly certainly learned the stranger's name, for as the tall old clock in the corner struck one, she said, "It is now time to wring thy coat, John Fenderson."

When wrung it had still to be dried; and Polly put it for an hour into the warm brick oven.

Somewhat puckered from the dye, the garment still required pressing out; and to heat an iron and accomplish this occupied yet another hour. The old clock struck three.

"Truly, John Fenderson, making a king's man of thee has been a long task!" exclaimed Polly, as at last she held up the scarlet coat for inspection. "Don it, sir! I would even desire to mark the effect." And what John Fenderson would not have done at the king's command, he appears now to have done without hesitation at

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Polly Callendar's request. For between these two young people the grievous differences of Tory and Patriot had already been dispelled.

"Good luck, John Fenderson, in thy brave coat," said Polly at four o'clock, as the young man took leave, after she had given him breakfast. "May the color hold — but if it fades!"

"I shall come back to you," said John.

"Ah, but it will grieve me when I hear that thou art to be hanged for a rebel!" cried Polly.

"Nay, Mistress Polly, I should have but to send for thee to teach me how to dye!" replied John Fenderson.

So he rode away, and had cause to be thankful for the disguise the coat offered him; for while riding through Newton he was hailed by three redcoats, two of whom raised their muskets; but the third held them back, saying, "Nay, by his coat he must be one of our men."

There is much reason to believe that Mistress Polly's loyalty to King George was ever afterward open to question. At any rate, the records of John Fenderson's native town show that he married in 1779, and that the bride's name was Polly Callendar.

MARGARET FENDERSON.

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WARREN'S LAST SPEECH.

On September 30, 1768, a British fleet and army entered Boston harbor for the purpose of enforcing the King of England's authority. This act was the king's appeal to arms, and the colonies so regarded and accepted it.

From that day there was war. It was a kind of war only possible to men capable of awaiting their time, habituated to self-control, accustomed to think before acting, and to act according to their thought.

The selectmen of Boston refused to provide quarters for the soldiers, and they were the more unwilling, as there was room for them in the castle on an island in the harbor. Notwithstanding this refusal, at noon on October 1st, a cold day for the season, the English troops, armed and equipped for conflict, each man carrying sixteen ball charges, were rowed in great state to the shore, from which they marched to the Common, with drums, fifes and flags.

One of the regiments encamped there for the night. But there were no tents for the other, and their commander asked the selectmen to provide a temporary shelter for the men.

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The evening was colder than the day, and the soldiers, debilitated from their voyage, were evidently suffering from it. The people took pity on them, and the selectmen, after some delay, consented, for humanity's sake alone, to let them remain for the night in Faneuil Hall.

At first the boys of Boston were much pleased to view the daily drills and parades of the soldiers; which, to many an observant countryman who came to town with produce, were a

ROWED IN GREAT STATE TO THE SHORE.

valuable object-lesson in the art of war. The presence in Boston for seven years of regiments of regular troops, exercising and camping, familiarized great numbers of the future soldiers of the Revolution with the details of military

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discipline. But during the whole period there never ceased to be hostility and contention between the troops and the people.

These soldiers were, after all, human beings. Finding themselves objects of general contempt and derision, in a land which furnished remote and abundant hiding-places, they began to desert in alarming numbers. Three or four of them disappeared each day. During the first two weeks forty deserted, and not a man in the city appeared willing to betray them.

The feeling between the troops and the people daily grew more bitter. The royal government was tactless and insolent. The press of the town retorted with stinging satire. Passers on the street were rudely jostled by the soldiers. Bayonets were occasionally drawn and used.

On March 5, 1770, when the British soldiers had been in Boston seventeen months, occurred the bloody affair which has ever since been called the Boston Massacre. A file of the troops, exasperated by the taunts, the snowballs and menacing cries of a great crowd of men and boys, opened fire upon them, killing three, mortally wounding two, and injuring seven others, nearly all of whom were innocent spectators of the scene.

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The wrath of the people, as the news of this affair spread through the town and the adjacent counties, was something akin to frenzy; but even in that critical hour the leaders of the people retained their self-command, and knew how to behave with dignity, wisdom and rectitude. They provided a vent for the passion of the crisis in a singularly impressive public funeral of the victims, in which the whole mass of the patriotic citizens took part, marching six abreast to the grave.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

An immense public meeting was held. Samuel Adams conveyed to the royal government its respectful and most reasonable request for the immediate removal of the troops from the town. One regiment had already gone. He demanded the instant removal of every man who wore the king's uniform.

"The troops," replied the governor, "are not subject to my authority. I have no power to remove them."

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"If," said Adams, "you have power to remove one regiment, you have power to remove both. It is at your peril if you refuse. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are become impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the whole country is in motion. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected, and a direct answer is demanded."

DR. JOSEPH WARREN.

The government yielded. The troops were removed, and the Revolution was postponed for five years. But every year, on the anniversary of the massacre, memorial services were held of the most impressive character, and an oration was delivered by a distinguished member of the popular party.

These celebrations increased in interest and in fervency every year until 1775, when Dr. Joseph Warren, for the second time, was the orator of the day. It was feared that the armed conflict could not be long delayed, and Doctor

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Warren asked the privilege of delivering the oration. He wished the opportunity to declare once more that the people of America had fully resolved to fight rather than submit to lawless rule. He desired to impress it upon the English people that the unexampled patience which the men of New England had shown had in it no alloy of cowardice. He sought the duty also because there was thought to be danger in the performance of it.

Some of the British officers had agreed to attend the Old South Church, where the meeting was to be held, and if anything offensive was said, they were to make an assault upon the speaker and break up the meeting. The story has long been current that a young ensign had agreed to give the signal by throwing an egg at the orator. But on his way to church the gallant youth had a fall. The egg was broken, his knee was put out of joint, and he was ignominiously carried home.

The meeting was appointed for half past eleven, and long before that hour the church was crowded. The pulpit, as usual on these occasions, was draped in black. In the pulpit were several of the well-known and trusted leaders, Samuel Adams and John Hancock among the rest.

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Samuel Adams, who presided, observing a number of British officers standing in the aisles, and being resolved to deprive them of all pretext for disorder, requested the occupants of the front pews to leave them, which they did. He then politely invited the officers to take the vacant places. About forty of them came forward, some of whom took seats in the pews, and the rest sat upon the pulpit stairs.

After quiet was restored, there was profound silence in the assembly; so that the noise of the doctor's chaise driving up and stopping at an apothecary's shop opposite the church was heard within.

The orator descended from this vehicle and entered the shop, followed by his servant carrying a bundle, which contained the gown of black silk in which public speakers at that day frequently arrayed themselves.

There was such a crowd about the door that he went to the rear of the building, where, ascending by a ladder, he entered through a window behind the pulpit. The silence was broken only when he came to the front and began his oration with the well-known words, "My ever-honored fellow citizens."

The speech was pathetic and forcible in a

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high degree. The orator laid down the principle that freedom is the natural right of every man, and that no man can be justly deprived of the fruits of his toil except by his own consent, given by himself or by his legal representatives. He stated modestly and plainly the resolve of America to maintain this right even at the cost of war.

EVEN AT THE COST OF WAR.

The orator spoke of the tender and enthusiastic affection which the colonists had formerly felt for the mother country. So far from envying the wealth and greatness of Great Britain, the people of the colonies, he said, exulted in them, and their delight was to relate to their children the glorious deeds which had been done by Englishmen in former ages. Nothing was so astonishing to the people of America as that it should be "the arms of George, our

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rightful king, that had been employed to shed the blood which freely would have flowed at his command when justice or honor of the crown had called his subjects to the field." But even against Britain the people of America would defend the natural rights of man!

The British officers behaved tolerably well during the delivery of this oration, but when the usual motion was made to appoint an orator for the following year they began to hiss. This irritated the assembly, and for a time there was much confusion. Order was at length restored, however, and the business of the meeting was concluded.

There was no occasion for an orator the next year. Forty-four days after this meeting General Gage spared the people of Boston the responsibility of "precipitating a crisis" by ordering a movement of troops which issued in the Battle of Lexington.

JAMES PARTON.

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